

FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1898.

No. 6

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp. U. S. Judge—C. S. Johnson. U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett. Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly.

District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott. Deputy Clerk—Walter D. McNair. U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup. Surveyor General—W. L. Distin. Register—John W. Dudley. Receiver—Roswell Shelly. Court Interpreter—George Kostrometoff.

Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalaska; Phillip Gallagher, Kodiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Chas. H. Isham, Unga.

Deputy Marshals—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Unalaska; Edward C. Hasey, Kodiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalaska; H. J. McInnis, Skagway; John Cuddehe, Circle City; —, Snook, Dyea.

Deputy Internal Revenue Collector—W. C. Pedlar. Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson. Assistant Agent—William Hamilton. Supt. of Schools—W. A. Kelly.

CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Collector—J. W. Ivey. Special Deputy—W. P. McBride. Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews.

Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. VanSlyck, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Caton, Cook's Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kaniuk; J. F. Sinnott, Unga; J. P. Word, Unalaska; E. T. Hatch, St. Michaels; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenney, Juneau.

Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Andlin. Inspectors at Fort Wrangel, Edward Hofstad, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny.

Inspectors Afloat—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

M. J. Cochran,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

JACKSON BLOCK.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA. Will practice in all the courts of the state.

C. O. Bates,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

OFFICE: JACKSON STREET.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

Oscar C. Stone,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

SECOND AVENUE.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

A. G. McBride,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Office with U. S. Deputy Marshal,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

DR. W. L. HARRISON

DENTIST

(With Dr. Campbell)

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

WEBSTER BROWN

CIVIL & MINING ENGINEER

U. S. Deputy and U. S. Deputy Mineral

SURVEYORS

OFFICE: Op. Stikeen Hotel Fort Wrangel.

WRANGEL ICE CO.

DEALERS IN

ICE

649 FRONT ST.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE.

They Commence to Grind in Fort Wrangle. The Possession of Valuable Property Involved.

A BIG LAW SUIT BOOM.

The Brown Heirs Commence Legal Proceedings. Spanish Gunnersy. The W. H. Porter Co. Wine Making. Why Mashers are Shortsighted.

The fourth page of our last week's issue contained the following item: "The lawyers are complaining of dull times. Poor things."

The above was written the latter part of the previous week and by the time the inside pages were written up, litigations were commenced in this city that surpassed any previous boom in the law suit line in Fort Wrangle.

Way back in the early days in the history of this city, there lived a man named Charles Brown who gobbled up considerable of Fort Wrangle property. Brown became dissatisfied here and moved to Juneau where he died after a two years' residence in that place. We have not inquired into the cause of his demise, but moving from a good, live town to a sleepy little place no doubt had something to do with it, but the cause of his death is not an important matter so far as the litigations are concerned, and being real dead, the administrators of his estate took hold of Brown's affairs and commenced to untangle things and convert the property into money. The administrator sold the Fort Wrangle property, got the cash and turned the money into the Brown cash till and the purchasers were put into possession and they put up lasting and valuable improvements thereon, and have continued in such possession for years, one of which dates back to the year 1880.

In March of this year the administrator was removed and one Samuel Cohn of Juneau, we understand, was appointed, and he is made the plaintiff in these litigations involving the Brown property.

The action is called forcible entry and forcible detainer, and involves the right to the possession of the property in dispute.

One of the lots included is located opposite the Cagle store building, the Stikeen House and the property immediately in front of it and also the property due south, all of which is on North Front street. Down on South Front, Mr. Cohn has been less modest, for there he claims the Mrs. McKinnon garden and the lot on which the building is located that is occupied by S. Strouse, the Mercantile restaurant and F. W. Carlyon and all south to the high tide line which takes in the 60 foot street, Mr. Duncan McKinnon's store and considerable property east of it, and one other lot further east than that just described.

In these cases, which make persons defendants, M. J. Cochran and C. O. Bates, two of the best lawyers in Alaska, are for plaintiff and C. H. Sundmacher and A. G. McBride are attorneys for the defendants.

Thus far we have not mentioned the case of Willoughby Clark and others against the McKinnon Wharf company. This also involves the question of the right of possession, the plaintiffs claiming that the wharf is partially built on tide lands that belong to them. They are extremely modest in this demand and claim only \$10,000.00 damages and for the value of the use of the tide lands. The United States is not made a party, although it reserves all rights and title to the same, or in other words, the United States "ain't in it." To some it may seem that Mr. Clark is taking an unfair advantage of Uncle Sam, in bringing this matter up while he is so busy with the Spanish war. Imagine his surprise to wake up some morning and find that Mr. Clark has judgment for the possession of some of his property and that it was taken when he was so awful busy, that he just couldn't look after the matter. Now Mr. Clark is full of patriotism, he loves his country, and is always one of the first to celebrate its birthday and successes, or to extol its virtues, but we doubt not that he will make satisfactory explanations when the proper time arrives.

The defendants in all these cases are in a most happy state of composure over the matter and we understand are eating three meals a day and sleep soundly nights.

In this case, M. J. Cochran, C. O. Bates, and Clark, Ingorsoll & Weymouth are attorneys for plaintiff and C. H. Sundmacher and A. G. McBride for defendant.

Spanish Gunnersy.

"Now stop that rowing!" now stop that rowing!" yelled Inspector Bridge at a man in a row boat loaded with whiskey down by the Troup wharf, and—bang, bang, went his revolver. Inspectors Denny and Smith were soon there and the three emptied their revolvers at the man in the boat, who fairly flew when the fusillade opened. The fellow was probably badly scared, but otherwise uninjured. Capt. Adams says he will order a load of rock to be distributed among the three wharves in this city for the use of inspectors who can shoot, but can't hit anything.

THE W. H. PORTER CO.

The Liabilities Small but Numerous. After the Professor.

Fort Wrangle has, prior to the failure and departure of Prof. Porter, been free of business failures. Business men have come and gone, but none have heretofore left their stocks of goods with a number of creditors to mourn their loss, and this new departure from the ordinary business methods in Fort Wrangle has caused no little excitement in the city. The last week's News was in great demand, and the account of the "funny" proceedings of the Professor was the first to be read. To none was the failure of The Porter company a greater surprise than to the editors of this paper, for we had the utmost confidence in the members of the firm and supposed they were of sterling integrity and that if misfortune should befall them, that they would meet the situation like true men, and not like criminals.

A News reporter made a partial canvass of the city and ascertained that the Professor had used his credit to its full capacity. Among those who are mourning the failure of the firm are the following creditors:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| Wakefield & Young | \$75 00 |
| Roid & Sylvester | 28 00 |
| F. E. Cagle | 30 00 |
| Indian Jeweler Mathers | 21 00 |
| Mr. Cleveland, borrowed revolver | 16 00 |
| Miss Jessie Barnes, borrowed mandolin | 00 00 |
| Mr. Healey | 13 00 |
| Duncan McKinnon | 5 00 |
| I. Froham | 46 00 |
| Chilberg Trading Co | 3 00 |
| George Barnes, borrowed telescope | 8 00 |
| S. Strouse | 4 20 |
| Mr. Rumburg | 50 00 |
| R. C. Deihl | 16 00 |
| Wilson & Sylvester | 15 00 |
| G. H. Lamberson | 7 00 |
| F. L. Marshall, borrowed two rifles | 20 00 |

The flight of Prof. Porter was a very foolish act. He had lots of friends in this city and but few enemies. He was economical in his habits and we believe could have tided over the hard times and paid all of his indebtedness. It was an awful mistake, but Prof. Porter is like many others, when adversity came, instead of fighting it out on that line, he "laid down;" he didn't possess the staying qualities, and he wrecked his reputation and humiliated his friends. We cannot excuse or palliate the conduct of the Professor, but we do feel sorry that he lacked the necessary nerve to stand up and meet his hard luck like a true man.

Chinese Wine Making.

Wine making is said to have existed for thousands of years before the introduction of distilling. The process is simple. Glutinous rice, or hwan-mi, is placed over the fire in a large iron pan and softened with warm water. It is made into a thick, solid sort of gruel. This steeped rice is placed on a table with raised edges to prevent the fluid from overflowing. Over the rice, when in this state, the leaven to aid fermentation is sprinkled. The whole is then mixed and mashed with an iron masher and remains in a large stoneware jar for several days. If the wine is desired to be of a sweet taste two days are enough; but for wine without sweet taste four or five days are required. To make the second kind of wine stronger the Chinese brewer often adds spirit. After all this the wine, solid parts together, is placed in a cloth bag, and this goes into a pressing chest of wood called cha, the wine press. A heavy stone presses it down and the wine flows out from a sort of teapot spout in the side of the press.

The remainder of solid matter is called tsan, and is used to feed animals or as a ferment. The method of distilling was introduced in the Yuen dynasty. To this wooden cylinder which holds the millet there are three covers. The outer and upper one contains cold water and keeps the second one cool to condense the spirit. The spirit rises from the softened red millet below, which has been under manipulation for several days, and passes through the first cover to the second. It here becomes condensed and flows down the sides into a triangular trough which receives it and delivers it from a spout. Williams and Morrison's dictionary and Legg's classics seem to have been compiled with the impression that the Chinese practiced distillation in ancient times. This is an error. The Chinese only knew the ordinary process of fermentation.

Why Mashers are Shortsighted.

Yet another cause for shortsightedness has been discovered. A German professor declares that it is often due to the wearing of tight collars, which prevent a normal and regular flow of blood to the head. Now we know why the combination of eye glass and "masher" collar is so common among our gilded youth.

D. O'Donovan Rossa is doing a general brokerage business in Skagway.

Here's Success.

With the well known Seattleites, A. G. McBride and Fred L. Henshaw as editors, the Fort Wrangle News, volume 1, No. 1, shows up at this office. It is well filled with advertisement for the first number and promises to be quite a paper in the very near future. Success to you, fellows.—Seattle Republican.

WRANGEL BEST OF THEM ALL

J. R. Wilson Returns from a Trip to Sitka, Douglass Island, Dyea, Juneau and Skagway.

DULL TIMES THERE.

He was Looking for a Better Place than Wrangle.

—Her Nose Wasn't Plumb.—A Famous Man's Boyhood.—Local.—Neat and Newsy.—To Teslin.—Jack Dalton Doomed.

J. R. Wilson, of this city, returned from a trip to Dyea, Skagway, Douglass Island and Sitka last Saturday morning. He was gone a month and understands the condition of all the Alaska towns. He went for the purpose of looking up a better town than Fort Wrangle, but returned without finding what he was looking after. Mr. Wilson was seen by a News reporter last Saturday forenoon, and being asked how he found the above named towns, he said:

"Well, I found all the towns I visited awful dull—dead would better describe it. Dyea is simply awful. When you see any strangers in Dyea, they are passing through on the trail. Skagway is very dull, too. The dance halls have all quit and the theatre is running as a free show. They are at work on the railroad but it don't enliven things any. They have claimed a city organization for Skagway, but I guess that is a mistake, for parties shoot on the main streets and no objection is made. They organized a company of the Alaska militia at Skagway and 'Soapy' Smith is captain. Juneau is very quiet. It never was so dull. Douglass will certainly be the town. I expect to see the time when Juneau will not have a postoffice for the Treadwell is building a town that will wipe Juneau off the map. Sitka—well, it is so dead that it begins to smell. You occasionally see a soldier there, but of course, isolated as it is, one can expect no life in that place.

I went to all these towns for the purpose of locating in the best one; provided, however, that I could find one better than Fort Wrangle, and after being in the four towns named for a month, I return, knowing without a question of a doubt, that Fort Wrangle is the best town in Alaska. And then let me tell you, we have a climate that beats all of them, too. The sun shines in Fort Wrangle, but in the towns named it was, during the time I was there, cold and cloudy. Fort Wrangle is all right and I return well satisfied.

Her Nose Wasn't Plumb.

I have been making a study of noses lately and really it's astonishing to find how large a proportion of the noses are twisted to one side or the other. Try to find the meridian line of a person's face by tracing it from tip of his nose and see how you come out. Many persons who imagine that their noses are perfectly straight would find by a close inspection that those appendages were or have a little—perhaps to their amusement and maybe to their chagrin.

A dentist tells a story to the point. Says he: "After I had fitted a set of false teeth to a lady, she exclaimed, 'Why! you haven't got the middle of the set in the middle of my face!'"

"I looked again, and thought I had. 'But just look at my nose,' said she. 'The middle of the set certainly is not in line with the middle of my nose.' 'That may be,' said I, 'but your nose—'"

"Do you mean to tell me that my nose ain't straight?"

"I think you will find that such is the case."

"How much is your bill? I'll pay it, and you can keep your old teeth."

"She paid the bill, threw down the set and flounced out, as angry as an angry woman could be. She went home, and her friends told her how foolish she was, she lay awake all night, and the next day she came back, apologized, and had her work finished."

A Famous Man's Boyhood.

The boyhood of the famous Robert Fulton, of steamboat renown, was passed at Lancaster, Pa. Here are some anecdotes of him while he was at school there:

On one occasion his teacher reproved him for neglecting his books, and the reproof was administered after the manner of the "old masters"—with a ferrule on the knuckles.

Robert straightened himself, folded his arms, and then said to Mr. Johnson:

"Sir, I came here to have something beat into my head, and not into my hand."

On another occasion he came late, and when the teacher asked the reason, Robert answered that he had been at Mr. Miller's shop pounding out lead to make a pencil. In proof of this statement he exhibited the pencil, and said that it was the best he ever had in his life.

Mr. Johnson approved it, and gave the youth some words of encouragement, and in a few days nearly all the other pupils were supplied with pencils of the same kind.

It is said that when Mr. Johnson once urged him to give more attention to his studies, the boy answered that his head was "so full of original notions that there was no room to store away the contents of musty old books."

THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Ed Brown and partner have discovered a valuable ledge of gold-bearing rock on the Stikeen river, on the American side, and will put in some hard licks on it this summer in the way of development.

A joint session of the Oregon and Washington editorial associations will be held in Spokane on August 26th and 27th. The editors will get a much needed rest and no doubt have a splendid time.

Mr. Peter C. Jensen has purchased the Gem restaurant and took charge last week. The Gem has always been popular and the new proprietor will keep up its past good reputation.

Corbell's "wharf" is the latest extensive improvement on the water front on North Front street. Crafts of light draught only will be permitted to land there, and then only for a limited time.

Capt. Stephens, the hustling manager of the Twenty-Five Thousand club, was a welcome caller at the News office last Thursday. The Captain and his club are doing good work for Fort Wrangle.

The Cottage City brought a large mail to this port last Friday. She did not tarry long and again steamed out of the bay for the north. When five or six hundred yards from her dock, she said good bye.

Inspectors Bryant of hulls and Inspector Cherry of boilers were passengers on the Cottage City last Friday. During their short stay in the city they inspected five boats and went on to the north. The inspection of these five boats consumed less than thirty minutes, according to the statement made to us.

An important item overlooked in the report of the Fourth of July celebration in last week's News, was the firing of the national salute of forty-five guns at noon. The piece used was sub-Chief Kettishan's old Russian brass cannon. First Sergeant Gillis, Co. A, N. G. A., and privates detailed for that purpose, did the work.

Dr. Barnes was a caller last Friday. He is always welcome at the News headquarters, but especially so on this occasion, for he brought with him a fine lot of gooseberries and also one branch that was loaded. He raised them on his ranch on the mainland not far from here. The Doctor also left on our table a bunch of clover and timothy which seem very fine. He says clover and timothy will do very well here. In fact most everything can be grown.

The City of Seattle tied up at Troup's wharf last Friday night between 10 and 11 o'clock. It took her commander about one hour to land her. She first steamed in front of the dock and headed for it. Then she backed back again. Then she pulled up again and slid partially by on the west side. Then she got a line out and backed up again. Then she pulled up and backed and backed and pulled up for a little while. Then she got a line out to the other end of the wharf and with the aid of an auxiliary engine she pulled herself along the face of the dock.

Last week the Athenian brought the news from Skagway that a Rev. Mr. Lyons was drowned while trying to get through White Horse rapids. Mr. Lyons was a Scotchman, and not long in this country. To many, the way to the Klondike via Skagway is a "dismal failure," the same as it is over the Stikeen river, or any other route. But one thing is certain, that by way of Lake Teslin, it is safe, and loss of life is never reported. The work that has been done and is still progressing on the trail between Telegraph creek and Lake Teslin has put it in good condition and we believe it is the very best way to Dawson.

Neat and Newsy.

We received by the last mail No. 1, Vol. 1, of the Fort Wrangle News edited and published by Messrs. A. G. McBride and Fred L. Henshaw with Chas. A. Hopp as business manager. It is a neat and newsy sheet published every Wednesday, and the Alaskan wishes the firm all success.—Sitka Alaskan.

To Lake Teslin.

The Mono, Armstrong captain, will soon be taken to St. Michaels and from there up the rivers into Lake Teslin and she will ply between there and Dawson. The Mono is one of the best river boats in Alaska, and she no doubt will do a good business on her new run.

Jack Dalton Doomed.

The Indians on the Dalton trail have sworn to take the life of Jack Dalton, claiming that he has made them many promises which he has never kept. Last week an Indian named Charley took a shot at Dalton, but fortunately missed him, and it was found necessary to call out the soldiers to prevent the Indians from succeeding in their bloody work. The Indian, Charley, was arrested and sent to Juneau, and this has aroused the savage blood of all the Indians around Pyramid Harbor, and the white freighters are vainly trying to have Jack Dalton settle with the Indians.—Dyea Press.

FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

The women suffragists have now but forty-one more States to conquer. Come to think of it, Idaho has a sort of a womanly sound.

The Dallas News says that "the bride was arrayed in a beautiful costume of cream." That was all right; she probably was a peach.

The largest manufacturer of umbrellas in this country has made an assignment. He ought to have put up something else for a rainy day.

If Ananias looks up upon the affairs of the world he will wonder why it went so hard with him and so many Cuban war correspondents escape.

The Kansas City Globe remarks editorially: "We are prone to drink whisky to excess." If you continue to drink it to excess you probably will be prone forever.

A New York Sunday paper has an editorial article on the sea serpent. The editor must have drawn on the July pizen-hole. This isn't the sea serpent season.

A Missouri paper says: "In Lake County the other day a woman was divorced from Buck Sigordip without alleging any cause." Well, no other cause was necessary.

Counterfeit silver dollars as good as the genuine, so far as intrinsic value goes, are said to be plentifully in circulation. They have the right ring, but are coined by the wrong ring.

This is a euphemistic age. A thief nowadays is called a "kleptomaniac," a murderer is called a "psychic epileptic" and in Chicago an Alderman is called "one of our best citizens."

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte's great philological library has been sold to a London bookseller, as the efforts to raise money enough to buy it for the Guild Hall Library were unsuccessful.

A Baltimore newspaper says that a contributor recently sent it a mangled copy of Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" for publication, with a note to the effect that it was an entirely original composition!

Force of habit strong in life is illustrated in the trappings of a dray mule in New Orleans, which used to haul a bobtail car and refuses now to draw the wagon an inch unless the old car bell dangles from its collar.

Having coined "misphyxin" as a term to describe death by escaping gas, the people of Boston now propose to adopt "diligible," from the French, to express "that which can be directed or steered." What is the matter with "diligible?"

Lillian Russell is highly indignant at the reports that she had married again. "Why," she exclaims, "I haven't been divorced from Mr.—Mr.—you know whom I mean—my present husband," which shows a delicate appreciation of the law, becoming rare upon the stage.

Apropos of the large mortality by the inhalation of illuminating gas, it is interesting to note that the medical societies of Pennsylvania are giving their attention to a substitute for the gallows. They have concluded that the most humane method of extinguishing the life of the criminal sentenced to death is by the use of gas, and they propose to present a bill to the Legislature this winter providing for the change.

Mrs. Annie Besant makes a touching appeal in a New York newspaper for famine-stricken India, and if half she relates is true the conditions in some parts of that country are terrible, but we do not see why America should be called upon to relieve distress in a British province. Great Britain has milked India dry for two generations, and her government and people have been glutted with substance wrong from a proud-spirited and conquered people. If the English had spent half the money the Indian army has cost in building reservoirs and irrigating ditches famine might have been unknown.

Augusta Chronicle: Georgia can raise better hogs and cattle than the West; better turkeys than Nova Scotia, and at least equals Maryland in terrapin and oysters. Her fish supply is superb along the coast and in the water courses of the inland. Experts say that she has a gold belt superior to that of the Pacific States. Her possum and 'taters cannot be surpassed. Her peaches do not challenge those of California or Delaware, but easily take first rank, and if her Indian peach were revived there would be no kind of comparison. Texas raises more cotton, but Texas is nowhere in map.

facture of the fabric in rivalry with Georgia. We regret to say that Georgia is delinquent in one thing—she apparently prefers to patronize products away from home, when her own home industries are just as good and can be had at better rates.

The item in the French budget asking for \$40,000,000 for the improvement of the navy is an incident indicative of the times. The fact is appreciated by all civilized governments that the warfare of the future will be more largely upon the high seas than by invasion of an enemy's territory, and more attention is being given to naval than to military equipment. In this commercial age the most effective fighting is that directed toward the destruction and interruption of commerce and the interference with colonial relations. Great Britain was the first of the great nations to see this vantage ground and to occupy it, but the others are following briskly after her lead.

If what Mr. Barrie, the writer, says of his sensations while composing is true we are glad that he does not write in public. He says: "It is my contemptible weakness that if I say a character smiled vacuously I must smile vacuously, if he frowns or leers I frown or leer, if he is a coward or given to contortion I cringe or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him and gnaw my mustache with him. If the character be a lady with an exquisite laugh I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely." This is simply awful, and we cannot but think the gifted author is poking fun at Mr. Howells, who laid bare his throes of composition to the readers of the Ladies' Home Journal.

The presence in San Francisco of President McCoy of Pitcairn Island on one of those rare visits which the descendants of the Bounty mutineers make to the outside world calls attention to the remarkable peace and happiness in which this Pacific colony dwells. There are 130 in the island republic, living as a single family, very devout, healthy and contented. There is said to be no contention from year's end to year's end and no one is concerned with what he or his neighbor owns. There is no advantage in the accumulation of goods or money, and of the latter little exists and is not valued very highly by its possessor. Seldom an inhabitant ever visits the rest of the world, and when he does it makes him homesick for the peace and content of his island again. Bellamyites and others with the community fever should note that the Pitcairn republic is a success—first, because it is completely isolated, and, second, because the colonists are not each loaded down with too many theories about government.

The fast liners of transatlantic steamers have increased the minimum rate for first-class passengers. The companies participating in the agreement are the French, the North German Lloyd, American, Red Star, Netherlands-American, White Star, Hamburg American and Cunard. The Anchor Line is in the agreement about the booking agencies, but the agents on this side have received no instructions with regard to the minimum rate. The lowest rate after Dec. 1 and until April 1 will be \$75 to Southampton and \$77.50 to Bremen on the express steamers. For the so-called summer season, April 1 to Nov. 1, the lowest rate will be \$100 on the express steamers and \$75 on the slower steamers. That means that the minimum price of first-class tickets will be from \$10 to \$15 higher than it has been. There will be no reduction for return tickets, the winter season on both sides will be from Nov. 1 to April 1, and children over eight years of age must pay full fare, those between eight and one paying half fare. The half-fare age was formerly twelve to three.

For thousands of persons the death of Herrmann, the magician, will cause a stirring of many reminiscences. The man's place in public regard was as peculiar as his own very peculiar profession. He was perhaps the best known of the men who practiced the art of prestidigitation. He never claimed that his "magic" was anything other than a highly developed and intelligent trickery—the result of skill and dexterity. Yet the people flocked in immense numbers to be puzzled by this trickery and applauded the brilliant trickster. It is rarely that one finds a man with an employment so peculiar winning such a complete success. The great actor or the great singer finds his just reward in an admiration for his art. The magician's work is not recognizable as art. It is a unique form of entertainment—something analogous to that of the vaudeville "specialist." The remarkable thing is that a man with one "specialty" should have been able not only to draw the public every evening throughout a season but to attract it constantly and throughout the entire country. When it is remembered that Herrmann not only became a familiar figure to thousands of persons of the present generation but held the same fortunate prominence before multitudes many years ago one can gather something of the remarkable character of his success.

A MURDEROUS REDSKIN.

Fiendish Cruelty of the Bloodthirsty Apache Kid.

With the exception of Geronimo no Indian in recent years has attracted so much attention as the Apache Kid. For some six years he has made sanguinary history along the Rio Grande and the Mexican border. The depredations of this unique outlaw have cost the United States some \$60,000 and both United States troops and Mexican troops have traveled many weary miles in search of him. At different times there have been as many as 400 trained soldiers of the plains, both on the American and the Mexican sides of the Rio Grande, in search of Apache Kid, while military scouts and United States marshals and



APACHE KID IN FULL DRESS.

Government police officers by the score have labored and schemed long and vainly for the arrest of the Indian, and the attainment of the prize of \$6,000 offered for the taking of the outlaw.

The Apache Kid is a short, stocky, full-blooded Indian. He is wiry and bold and has never had an hour's education in any Government or private school. Until he became an outlaw he never left the State of Arizona, and he was attached as a scout to the San Carlos Indian reservation. Back in 1888 the Kid asked permission to attend to a tribal duty, for which leave of absence was necessary. This was to kill another Indian who had slain the Kid's grandfather. Permission was, of course, denied, but this did not trouble the Kid much. One night he escaped from the troops and shot and killed the slayer of his grandfather. The following June he returned to the reservation and being immediately put under arrest, was taken to Capt. D. E. Pierce's tent. Immediately there was excitement among the Indian friends of Kid, and several shots were fired through the canvas into the tent. And the confusion Kid recovered his carbine, sprang aside, jumped upon a horse behind a comrade, and the mirthless scout fled, after shooting an army corporal in the leg.

The mutineers went toward Old Mexico, killed two white men in the Gualuro Mountain passes on the way, but were so closely pursued that they doubled on their tracks and returned to the reservation. All were arrested. Some were hanged for murder, and Kid and four other scouts were court-martialed and sent to Alcatraz. To the surprise of some military officers President Cleveland pardoned Kid and his companions, and they returned to Arizona. In 1889 indictments for murder were found against Kid and several other Indians, and they were arrested by Capt. Bullis, agent at San Carlos, and delivered to the civil authorities of Arizona. Sheriff Glen Reynolds, Deputy Holmes and a teamster, named Middleton, took Kid, seven other Indians and a Mexican, and started in a wagon for Yuma, where the Indian murderers were to have been hanged.

One day early in November of 1889 the outfit was toiling slowly over a hard road. To relieve the horses the Sheriff made his prisoners walk up a steep hill, all but one, who was lame, or pretended to be. The Sheriff walked in front; the prisoners followed, shackled in couples; Deputy Holmes walked behind them, and the wagon, containing Middleton and one prisoner, brought up the rear. There was a bottle of whisky along, and the officers became careless. At a concerted signal the prisoners hurled themselves bodily upon the two officers and bore them to the ground, and the Indian in the wagon seized Middleton's pistol and shot him in the face. The officers were beaten to death with stones, Middleton was shot again and left for dead and the Mexican made his escape before the Indians got rid of their shackles. They took the shackle key from the dead Sheriff's pocket and released themselves, and also robbed his body of a gold watch and \$300 in cash. Armed with the officers' weapons, the Apaches fled into the mountains. That was Kid's original band of renegades, a lot of cutthroats who knew their lives were forfeit and that any additional crimes

could not aggravate their offense or its punishment. They raided back and forth across the Mexican line, killing white men and Mexicans, stealing stock, harassing the troops and creating a panic in Arizona and New Mexico.

The eight Indians did not stay with one another very long. The cavalry from Fort Bowie was in hot pursuit, and over 100 cowboys and settlers joined in the chase for the fugitives. Close pursuit forced the Indians to scatter, and during the next two and a half years they one by one drifted back to the outskirts of the reservation. They have told stories, which have been verified, of the murders that Kid prompted among settlers, both north and south of the Rio Grande and the Rincon range of mountains. As for Kid himself, he is wandering along the border, killing people once in a while and getting credit for many murders and crimes, perhaps, which others commit. The Government finds it impossible to capture him, even with a price of \$6,000 on his head.

SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN ARTIST.

John S. Sargent, Now a Regular Member of the British Royal Academy.

John S. Sargent, the American artist who has just been promoted from associate to regular member of the British Royal Academy, has been painting many years. His first exhibited work was shown in the salon of 1877. It was a portrait of a young lady, and cleverly done. The following year he painted a group of fisher girls on the shore at Cancale. In 1879 he exhibited "Neapolitan Children Bathing," and in 1882 "El Jaleo." Following these Mr. Sargent's work was a series of triumphs, which placed him in the first rank of painters. In 1883 came "Children's Portraits" and in 1884 "Mme. Ganthecan." In 1885 Mr. Sargent went to London, and his canvases exhibited year after year at the Royal Academy excited great interest and were the subject of wide discussion. Among the most notable are the Misses Vickers, Miss White, Lady Playfair, Mrs. Playfair and a portrait group which he called "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose." Mr. Sargent came to America in 1887 and again in 1889, and the results of these visits were a number of portraits in his best vein—Mrs. Marquand, Mrs. Bolt, Mrs. Elliot Shepard, Mrs. Jack Gardner, Mrs. Kissam and others. The French government pur-



JOHN S. SARGENT.

chased his more recent canvas representing the Spanish dancer Carmencita. Mr. Sargent's art is commended for precision, truthfulness, utmost fidelity of sight and ability to record what is visually perceived. In his panels for the Boston public library and other panels he has opened a new field for himself, which has only served to bring him more honor.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

As much bitterness and hate can be expressed in a word as can be fired out of a gun.

A good man finds good wherever he goes, because the good in him brings out good in others.

Let a woman be weighed down by responsibilities and she will far more frequently fight her own way out of them than succumb to them.

Every honest occupation to which a man sets his hand would raise him into a philosopher if he mastered all the knowledge that belonged to his craft.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect.

There is no law with regard to eating and drinking and manner of living which can be laid down as applicable to all individuals. Each person must find out the law which applies to himself and obey it.

Taste is not only a part and index of morality, it is the only morality. The first and last and trial question to any living being is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you who you are.

Among all the virtues, humility, the lowest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because it is always an anchor; and that man may truly be said to live most content in his calling who strives to live within the compass of it.

SHE FOUGHT A WILDCAT.

A Brave Minnesota School Teacher's Experience with an Ugly Brute.

Miss Martha Culver, a school teacher who lives near Grand Rapids, Minn., is a heroine in the eyes of the residents of her section, and she is deserving of all the praise that has been lavished upon her. She had an experience with a wildcat recently which proves her to be a girl of uncommon nerve and pluck.

Miss Culver is obliged to walk five miles to and from her school every day through dense pine woods, and usually has no other companion than a small rifle, which she carries as much for sport as for protection. Timber wolves are very numerous in the vicinity of Grand Rapids and have caused the settlers great annoyance and considerable damage by preying upon their stock. Miss Culver is one of the few persons who have encountered the animals at close quarters and under desperate circumstances. Since October she has killed wolves, lynxes, wildcats, bears, moose, deer and rabbits.

One day while returning from school Miss Culver had a tussle with an ugly wildcat, which cost her a deep, painful wound upon her right arm and the ruin of a costly fur jacket which came in contact with the animal's wicked claws. She had heard the crafty step of some animal in the thicket. Presently it came—a big, hungry-looking wildcat, creeping stealthily over the tangled underbrush until it came to the clearing, where it stopped, looking cautiously about as if it expected an enemy. Miss Culver took deliberate aim and fired, but as she pulled the trigger the wildcat crouched down to the earth and the charge just grazed its back. The school teacher rushed forward to



SCHOOL TEACHER AND WILDCAT.

finish the job with a blow of her gun barrel, but the wounded animal sprang into the air and landed with its forepaws upon the breast and right arm of his fair antagonist, tearing the front of her jacket to shreds and carving a deep scratch in the arm. Seizing the beast by the throat and forelegs she succeeded, by a desperate effort, in releasing herself from its grip, and another sweep of the gun put an end to the struggle.

ANN VISITS THE WHITE HOUSE.

She Saw the President and Shook Hands with Him.

Aunt Ann Landrum, an old colored woman of Ghent, Ky., had saved enough money to buy her a good home and furnish it very substantially. She had also purchased an upright piano. Just after the presidential election, when Harrison was elected, she informed the colored citizens of the town that she was going to visit the President, says the Louisville Dispatch. Her departure was a very quiet one—the old carpet sack in her hand and the dress she had treasured for years. She was gone about four days, and when she returned her self-important air told you she had met the President. She said: "I des went to de house an' knocked on de door. A yaller nigger come to de door and say, 'Who is you, and who you want to see,' and I sez, 'I don't want to see you possum head—I want to see yor master.'"

"He tried to shove me back, but I swung my carpet sack and he left me go. I went on in through de house des as I used to do down in old Mars Joel's, an' a lady come laughin'-like an' say, 'Aunt, here dis way,' and she fetched me in to whar de President sot wid some gentlemen. He had whiskers and body des like anybody else, an' I shook han's wid him and tole him who I wuz, and when I tole 'bout bein' de haid cook down at Mars Joel's, on Green River, an' how I made yaller niggers stan' round, like I done dat wun in de hall des now, he laughed like he would bust. He had 'em take me and git me something to eat, an' I didn't hesitate to drap some of de good things in my carpet sack. De lady what showed me through wuz a mighty good woman. You didn't think I wuz going to git to see him, did you? Wall, I made up my min' to see him an' I pushed my way through, an' I dun made up my min' to see God, an' I'm gwine to push my way right through till I git to whar he's at."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cortez's Flag.

The flag carried by Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, nearly 400 years ago, was until recently preserved at a little church in the capital of the State of Tlaxcala.

As a rule, the more successful a man is in love affairs, the less successful he is in business.

HOW MUSICIANS POSE

ATTITUDES ASSUMED BY DEVOTEES OF THE DIVINE ART.

Attitudinizing as a Part of the Business—The Musical Director and the Drum Major—The Pianist and the Cornet Player.

An Art of Itself.

Exactly why musical performers should feel it their duty to attitudinize as well as to play or sing is one of those curious problems presented by the complexity of our civilization to which a



SIGNOR SCRAPERELLI.

definite answer is not easy to give, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Music, according to the most highly inspired of poets, is a heavenly gift, appealing directly to the soul, while the striking of attitudes is an earthly acquisition, gained through much practice and appealing to nothing in particular, unless it may be in an indirect way to the pocketbooks of the beholders. It is quite possible that at some time in the history of the divine art, men and women played and sang without posing in such a way as to attract more attention by their attitudes than by their music, but that day, if it ever existed, has long gone by, and music at present is as much a matter of pose as of tone, and appeals in many cases quite as strongly to the eye as to the ear. It is quite possible that this fact may have grown out of the conscious superiority that every musician and singer feels in regard to all other persons, no matter of what class, rank or condition—the feeling that one divinely endowed with the gift of music should take precedence of all others of the human race. Nor does this feeling demand, as a previous condition, much of an endowment, for it may sometimes be observed among musical folk that the less they know about music the more conceited they are apt to be about their attainment in this direction, as the leading soprano in a volunteer church choir often gives herself more airs than Patti, and the old dandy who fiddles for all the dances in a country neighborhood not infrequently regards his own musical attainments as more profound than those of Paganini.

Leaving the quantity and quality of musical knowledge and skill out of the question for the time being, however, the attitudes struck by musical people of different lines furnish a curious and



HERR BLOWISHEDOFF.

exceedingly interesting subject of study, as going to show that the musical art of the present day is felt and acknowledged to be as much a matter of pose as of melody or harmony. That this statement is true is readily susceptible of proof. No artist would be willing to play or sing behind a screen for an audience in front. It is possible that, persuading himself under such circumstances by a sort of legal fiction, he

was quite alone, the pianist might pour forth his soul through his finger tips, and give much better renditions of the works he sought to interpret than he would when consciously playing for effect, but he would not be willing to try. No orchestra, no body of singers, would be willing to go through their performance behind a curtain, unseen and unseem, and yet, theoretically, this ought to be the most satisfactory method of rendering a musical work, for, in this case, the singers and players would be undisturbed by the sight of the sea of faces before them, and the audience could enjoy the music without having their attention called away by the personality of the performers. No more than the singers and players, however, would the audience be satisfied with the screen and curtain arrangement, for the people who gather at a concert want to see how the chorus looks, and whether its members are as old and ugly as those of the grand opera chorus, and what sort of person the prima donna assoluta is, and what she has on, and how it fits, and how many men are in the male chorus, and how wide they can open their mouths. Even a theater crowd, in a place of entertainment where the music is merely subordinate and incidental to the main attraction, want to see the orchestra, gaze upon the bald back of the leader's bald head, watch the facial convulsions of the man whose business it is to pierce the atmosphere with the upper notes of the piccolo, and sympathize with the man who extracts dying groans from the double bass. So the posing business seems to be quite satisfactory to both artists and their audiences, and so long as each party is content, it is not easy to see why any one else has a right to complain.

Of musical folk, the most competent posers for effect are the artists of the



LIEUT. TRUMP.

lyric drama. Posing is their business, and not infrequently they devote more attention to their attitudes than to their music, as reckoning that any deficiency in the latter will be condoned by the audience on account of proficiency in the former. They have abundant facilities for exercising all their gifts in this direction, and the only criticism that can be justly made on their efforts is that they fail into regulation attitudes, which are in accordance with the traditions of the stage, and have been in use so long that they have come to be considered indispensable to the proper rendition of the part. Nobody, for instance, ever saw an actor play the heavy villain without bending his legs at a sharp angle and walking about on the stage as though afflicted with chronic ankylosis of the knee joints, for crooked knee joints and heavy villain go together, and the former naturally suggest the latter. So, no one ever saw a lover and his sweetheart on the lyric stage wind up an amorous duet without leaning against each other, the hands of the heroine clasped in an attitude of wild despair, while the hero throws one arm around her clinging form and extends the other in mid-air, while the twain jointly emit a screech that makes you involuntarily feel for your scalp. It is not madness; it is merely attitudinizing, and the closer they lean together and the more ear-piercing the concluding yell the more ardent is the expression of their undying affection and the greater their detestation of the deep-dyed villain with his much-bent knees.

Next in posing ability to the operatic artists come the pianists. They do not enjoy the same facilities for posing, because, being confined by the nature of their art to one spot, they cannot caper about the stage and transfix the audience with astonishment at their ability to turn round on their toes a dozen times without once falling down, but they make the most of their opportunities, under all the circumstances, really do very well, and from their initial triple bows to the boxes and parquet to their "Exit, Right," furnish their patrons with a very passable show. Lady pianists are always expected to furnish a preliminary entertainment with their gloves, which, after spending half an hour in pulling on in the dressing room, require five minutes to pull off after being seated at the piano. The gentlemen of this profession, not wearing

gloves on entering, do a little stage business with the piano. No matter where it is placed, it is always a little too far one way or the other, and the services of the two uniformed Matebeles appertaining to the establishment must be brought into requisition to



NO TIME TO POSE.

make it right, while the pianist cheerfully tackles the bossing of the job. Of course, they always push it too far, and then pull it back too far, so that a good deal of careful manipulation is required to place it exactly right; but the pianist does not object to working overtime, the audience is always patient, for they know perfectly well what to expect, and that it is quite impossible for the artist to play until his instrument has been successfully established over a certain crack in the floor, and the Matebeles have nothing to say about it, so everybody is satisfied. Confinement to the piano stool after the manual and pedal performance has actually begun does not limit, though it hampers, the posing of the performer. Before actually beginning the program he may run over the keys, and then give the stool a hitch as the stage sailor does his pantaloons; during thoughtful, tender passages he may lift his eyes heavenward, as though gazing into infinite vacuity, so that the women in the audience may see how intense is his inspiration, and during the Scherzo he may sway back and forth, throw his coat tails about and kick under the piano as though driving out an imaginary canine which had taken refuge there, and all these gyrations will be regarded as the outward and visible signs of an inward and musical genius. They are looked for by the audience, who have made up their minds to endure them as placidly as possible, knowing that they are absolutely essential to the proper rendition of a piano composition, whether Nocturne by the dreamy Chopin, Moonlight Sonata by the rugged Beethoven, or Rhapsodie



ALTISSIMO.

Hongroise by the incomprehensible Listz.

The director of a musical organization, no matter of what grade, has opportunities for posing somewhat superior to those of the pianist and somewhat inferior to those of the operatic hero, and is allowed liberties not permitted to either of the others. It is understood that he is always to keep the audience waiting for five minutes after the last straggling fiddler has straggled in, taken his seat and tuned his fiddle. This is the director's privilege and he avails himself of it to the uttermost. He takes it for granted that the public will be sufficiently entertained by listening to the tone as given out by the clarinet man, and immediately succeeded by scrapings and blowings in every key that Bach discovered for the well-tempered clavier, so he relies on the rest of the orchestra to furnish the fun for a reasonable, sometimes an unreasonable, time, then enters with a strut as dignified as that of a turkey gobbler and as imposing as that of a peacock, hears with satisfaction the thunder of applause given by a tired audience glad of any change, and with deprecatory bow calmly appropriates to himself the credit due the entire organization.

The drum major is commonly regarded as a caricature of the orchestra director, but this is a mistake. He is an institution of himself, the darling of the street, the envy of the policeman, the

admiration of all beholding small boys, who feel that to be a drum major is greater than to be a king. Every street band is properly gauged by the drum major, and the bigger this personage, the taller his mighty hat, the longer his big-headed cane and the more tricks he can do with it without letting it fall the better the band. He is strictly ornamental, for his cane keeps no time, and after its first premonitory jab into the atmosphere as a signal for the band to turn itself loose on the public, none of the players pay him the slightest attention. But for this fact he cares nothing, as it is generally understood that he owns, in fee simple, not only the band, but also the whole parade which it precedes; that, in fact, the public demonstration has been arranged in his honor, and especially that he may allow the glories of his uniform to gladden the eyes of his fellow-men.

Compared with the drum major, the artist who comes before the public with an Amati or Stradivarius under his arm is a mere trifle in the art of posing. He does his best, it is true, stands first on one foot, then on the other, while he delicately tunes his lyre, so to speak, and waits for the piano man to get up steam, and then gracefully sways back and forth as he tortures his unfortunate instrument into emitting shrieks of agony, but his opportunities are limited, and unless he breaks a string, thus gaining a chance to show what a variety of squeaks he can compel the others to utter, he is at a discount. Even the cornet man is better off than he, for the professional whose interest and pleasure it is to stuff wind



PENSEROSO.

into an E flat cornet is able to distort his face, roll up his forehead into lumps and assume an expression of intense agony that never fails to excite the sympathy of all beholders. His rival in this form of spectacular entertainment is the man with the big horn, who makes faces, not from choice, but of necessity; for the labor of filling so enormous a receptacle with air and keeping it full is so great as to draw drops of perspiration from even the baldest and most poreless cranium. Of all the list he poses least in a conscious way, but most unconsciously. He has not time to think of posing, for if he did his horn would get empty and surcease from its labors. The man who mightily thumps a drum on the street as a means of grace, the blind man who uses an accordion in his efforts to attract the attention of the charitable and induce them to pay him to stop, may pose in a humble way, and frequently do so, but the big horn blower has both hands and his mouth full, and, though innocently a spectacle, is, unconsciously, an object of sympathetic regard. He might pose if he could, but he cannot. He alone, of the whole musical fraternity, makes no conscious effort to



attract public attention, though he deserves more than even the drum major, for without a big horn the largest orchestra would be a thing unbalanced and out of joint.

Mrs. Mamma—If Lord Forgivus asks you to marry him, tell him to speak to me. Ethel—Yes, mamma—but if he doesn't? Mrs. Mamma—Then tell him that I want to speak to him.—Truth.

HAVE A BUSY TIME.

Girls Who Sell Tickets on the Chicago Elevated Street Railroads.

The young women who sit behind the brass railings and sell tickets at the stations on the elevated railroads in Chicago have mighty busy times, and their hours of labor are correspondingly long. Each enters her respective "cave" at 7 o'clock in the morning and remains there, practically locked up, till 7 o'clock at night. Her meals are brought in to her from some convenient restaurant, and she eats as she can while performing her other duties. These afford ample scope for the full display of her mental and physical abilities. With one hand she waits on the passengers, making change, keeping a watchful eye for spurious money, for all of which she is responsible personally. With her other hand she pulls a cord, which opens the gate of exit. One of her feet she uses to press a treadle which rings up the fare of each passenger through the turnstile. The other foot is used to preserve a perpendicular position on the high stool. Besides, she must look as "pleasant" as if she was having her picture taken. If she had another hand or two and a few ad-



THE GIRL TICKET-SELLER.

ditional feet she thinks her employers would discover some work for them to perform also. For all of this the fair ticket-seller gets a salary of \$1.50 a day.



The Lord isn't near so deaf as some ministers seem to think.

Women never really kiss each other. They both know it is only an imitation.

No woman can be deeply interested in politics and the fashions at the same time.

The average girl will never admit that she likes to see a man in his shirt sleeves.

A girl never thinks much of a play unless she got so excited she forgot to eat her candy.

A man can find a reason for anything if you give him time to think. A woman can, anyway.

Don't worry clubs were invented so that the women could worry about how not to worry.

A bachelor gets lonesome because he is alone; a married man gets lonesome because his wife is.

There is only one thing sweeter to a woman than an offer of marriage, and that is another one.

The man a woman likes best is the one who knows when to say nothing and just pat her hand.

SON OF KOSSUTH.

A Prominent Figure in the Hungarian Parliament Riots.

Franz Kossuth, son of the immortal Hungarian patriot, was a prominent figure in the recent riotous scenes in the Hungarian Parliament. Kossuth



FRANZ KOSSUTH.

demanding that the ausleich—agreement of union—between Austria and Hungary be not renewed, and aroused the wildest enthusiasm among those who are eager to see Hungary absolutely independent.

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THE SHAME OF THE CENTURY.

On the morning of the 4th inst. the French liner La Bourgogne collided in a fog with the iron sailing ship Cromartyshire off the Grand Banks and sunk in half an hour. Of the 725 souls on board but 102 were saved. The narrative discloses that the officers of the ship lost all control over their crew; that the crew and a number of Italians from the steerage united to terrorize the women and children. They killed to gain possession of the boats. As a result but one woman was rescued. Helpless women, helpless, tender children were stabbed to death and swallowed up in that terrible maelstrom of water. Better that all civilization perish from the earth and that it be resolved back into chaos than such a demonstration should give its evidence of human fiendishness. To think of it! Men entrusted with the lives of so many people, resting under the weight of so terrible a responsibility, were unable to meet an emergency to which those who navigate the sea are always subject, and against which it is their imperative duty to make every possible provision. How is it to be accounted for that men gathered together by the hundred should show no single sign of a heroic thought or of a heroic action? Is life so sweet to the average man that in order to save it he would trample over women and children and force them to a terrible death without compunction? Words cannot express the abhorrence which every high-minded man must feel in contemplating this awful occurrence. No man of intelligence will believe that an Anglo-Saxon crew would exhibit like characteristics under any circumstances. Is it a fact that people of the Latin nations are so endowed as to be unfit to be trusted with the necessary and unavoidable responsibilities of life?

Under the shadow of this appalling sorrow let us fearlessly consider the worthlessness of the French character. A few years ago, witnessed a like scene in the loss of a French liner. The same exhibitions of inequity and brutal cowardice were in evidence. Recently in Paris a public building, crowded with thousands of women and children, burned to the ground. Titled Frenchmen struck women and children in their mad efforts to save themselves. Ah! is it possible that among polished nations the masses of men are so entirely dastardly? The Italians, who constituted a large part of the ship's crew, complement, in a frenzy of fear struck remorselessly with their knives that they might get into the boats. There must be something wrong when members of a particular race show such a want of the qualities which make for our ideals of men.

This consideration opens up a field for grave reflection. It touches national as well as individual character. It discloses beneath the enamel and tawdry colorings of art, refinement and glittering superficialities a maddening, craven soul hideous in its puerility. It appears to be reserved to these races, renowned for vain-glorying and brava do, to show to the world their worthlessness as a people. The time has certainly come when nations are to be judged by the traits and qualities of their citizens. As time progresses, the fittest, wisest, strongest and braver people will inevitably dominate the governments of the world. We turn from this sickening scene to look with pride upon our own people. We are now waging a war and offering the blood of heroic men that murder and incest and cruelty may no more be practiced upon a defenseless people. God grant that Spanish domination shall cease. God grant that hereafter no American will ever entrust his dear ones to these cowardly effeminate of the sea who command the ships of the French line. The sooner a prohibitory French tax is put upon the dago the better. He crosses and recrosses the Atlantic upon the French liner to work upon the American railroad and the public streets of New York in the summer to the exclusion of our own citizens and returns to Italy to spend his winters. Meanwhile he gives his aid to the murder of our wives and children when ill-fated ships subside into the sea. It is time there was firmly established an Anglo-American alliance. What is it which so ennobles our race, which loves to assist the weak, despising vain boasting, which holds deep reverence for human rights and tolerance for others. Is it the school house? We feel sure of it. We think the public, unsectarian school house is at the bottom of much of it. Let us in the future realize more and more the excellent virtues of our own people, who under quiet guiding influences have developed a manhood which has never before been attained in the world's history. We are the people who have at last solved the question of absolute liberty. That liberty which lives under the shield of the law, submits cheerfully to the intelligently prescribed authority of its rulers; that liberty which makes no laws to oppress the weak and which declares it will not tolerate it in others.

All values are determined by com-

parison. All nations are to be judged by them. The world moves. It is fast moving upon lines which are becoming permanent and determinate. Woe to those who fail to grasp the higher conceptions of man's relations towards his fellows. Lusts for power are to be condemned, murder and ruthless, needless rapine must cease. War even will not tolerate mutilations of the dead or slaughter of helpless women. There exists one race of men who henceforth will stamp it out. The time is past for us to cover with courtesies the contempt we feel towards a dastard race.

From the Blockade Squadron.

John Fred Graham, the young man who captured a huge shark recently, has a brother on the battle ship Texas. He wrote his mother a letter and through the kindness of John Fred, we publish the same in full.

OFF SANTIAGO, CUBA, ON BOARD U. S. S. TEXAS, JUNE 4th 1898. DEAR MOTHER:—I don't know when this letter will leave here, so will write and stow it away until there is a mail. We have nailed this Spanish fleet at last. After a great deal of running up and down this coast, and an endless amount of "Clear ship for action" and "General Quarters" we discovered them in this place. The Donsons are in and we are out. They have a very strong position and would be foolish to forfeit it, and come to fight our much superior fleet. We have a kind of dress parade every night, and the forts throw a few shells at us and we return the compliment at about four miles range. Nobody seems to get hurt and everybody covers themselves with glory. If our Admirals decide to go in and get them, we are going to have a very stiff time, the forts at the entrance, land batteries further up, mines on the way and ships at the end will all combine to make us remember our visit to Santiago. Their shooting is miserable. We were coasting the other day and watched them shooting at the rest of our fleet, the nearest shell did not come within 500 yards of the New Orleans. I would not care if we could get some sleep, but directly we turn in, ten to one if somebody does not flash a searchlight on an old tin can and of course it is "general quarters" right away. Of course all guns are kept loaded at night, no lights lit, battle plates on and hose led out, so she gets pretty warm below. This doctor is afraid of this climate so he makes things a little more uncomfortable for us. Air bedding, clothes and buckets is his hobby. He goes around sticking his nose in all sorts of places and smelling and imagining bacilli hot house in every corner. This Captain is all right, no bother or fuss, no drill and quarters only once a day, any kind of uniform as long as it is clean. But the Executive officer is a little off. He's very pleasant but wants a lot more work done than the captain does. The Captain will stop everybody working unless it is necessary. The First Lieutenant wants everything kept just as it was peace times. We sighted some smoke on the way down and of course "Cleared ship." Everything wooden is supposed to go overboard, (to lessen the danger from splinters.) It was just before breakfast. The Executive had our tables and benches fired overboard, likewise our porridge, bacon, cocoa and bread. We call him "berzoo" Johnnie now. He knows it too. This was the first time we had ever cleared ship in earnest. Another night an old Italian bark caused a great commotion, she made two thousand men turn out and dust for their stations in a hurry. I guess that "Dago" Captain was badly scared when twenty-four searchlights were turned on him (we were cruising without any lights showing) and a few blank six pounder shells were fired his way. I have splendid health and an abnormal appetite so I am not badly off. A kiss to you and the baby and love to all the family.

Your Affectionate Son,
Jos.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POLITICS.

A Fix Up and the Result Uncertain Says Manager Worlock. The Lake Teslin Wagon Road

Elsewhere in this issue, mention is made of the return of Mr. F. H. Worlock from a trip to Vancouver. Mr. Worlock was seen by a News man last Monday morning. He evidently was not seasick coming up on the outside route, for he was as jolly and good natured as ever. His trip must have agreed with him for he appears to be in the best of health.

"Well, how are things down on the coast?" said the scribe. "A little quiet," said Mr. Worlock. "You see the merchants put in very large stocks of goods expecting the railroad to be built, and when that was abandoned some of the travel ceased through the towns and it has affected them very materially."

In speaking of the election that recently occurred in British Columbia, Mr. Worlock said: "The election is doubtful, a very close fight they had and I would not venture an opinion as to what the result has been. But, by the way, it will make no difference to us which party is in power, for whichever party goes in, the wagon road to the lake is certain to be built, and will be one of the first things done."

Mr. Worlock also stated that the Victorian would be repaired at once and put into shape for the Stikine river trade. The Victorian, it will be remembered, started for St. Michaels a few weeks ago and was injured and had to return. She will now be retained at this place.

Mr. Worlock is a warm friend of Fort Wrangel and he stated that the town is all right and going right ahead.

Ed and George Barnes, Frank Holtham and a party whose name we did not learn left this morning on a prospecting tour, expecting to be gone ten days or two weeks. They have something definite in view in the nature of a good thing.

THE M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. F. M. Pickles, of Tacoma, Here, Looking the Matter Up.

Rev. F. M. Pickles, pastor of the Second Methodist church of Tacoma, arrived in the city last week. He was sent here to see what shape the church's matters were in at this place. It will be remembered that last spring, a Rev. Mr. Norvig came here and claimed to be authorized to take charge of the interests of the church at this place, and proceeded to build a church. He collected some money and foolishly blew that in for some lots which would no doubt have been donated if the proper person had been looking after the matter. He left here and went to Seattle and Tacoma and thereafter some lumber was sent up from these cities to be used in the construction of the church. It now turns out that the Rev. Mr. Norvig was never authorized to come up here in the interests of the church and what he did was on his own responsibility. He evidently wanted to cover himself over with glory as a church builder, but instead covered himself over with—naud.

The Tacoma minister was seen by a News reporter last Monday and interviewed, and in reply to the News man for some information on the M. E. church matters in this city, said:

"I am sent up here for the purpose of looking up the interests of the church in this city, and I find them in bad shape, very much tangled up, and I will try and straighten things out as much as I can while here. The man that commenced the organization of the church in this place was without credentials and unauthorized. I think things will be brought around all right and that a church will be established in this place."

Rev. Pickles is a very bright man and combines business tact with considerable ability as a speaker, and we trust his trip will result in getting the M. E. matters into better shape in this city.

It certainly was a very unwise move on the part of the Rev. Mr. Norvig to come here and attempt to organize a church and put up a building without any lawful authority. As a preacher, he is entirely unsuited for this place, as a business man, he is a blooming failure.

THE ALASKA.

A Woman that Wouldn't Get Sick.

The little steamer Alaska, G. A. Bell Captain, made a trip down to Redfish bay recently with a load of empty boxes for the Baranoff Packing Co. Among those on board were Mr. and Mrs. Danforth, the former being employed on the boat. They experienced some rough weather and the stanch little craft cut up all kinds of antics in the water. She didn't upset, but did everything else. The crew thought there would be a sea-sick woman on board and when the boat was tumbling the worst, the husband and Captain looked up Mrs. Danforth, expecting, of course, that she would be very sick. Imagine their surprise to find her as good a sailor as any of them, and wearing a smile that made Mr. Danforth's eyes sparkle like diamonds. Mrs. Danforth is a bright, handsome woman and dearly loves the water and accompanies her husband on all the trips that the boat makes. We will not be surprised to see her in command of a boat soon.

AN OUTING.

Thanks to Manager Hickey.

A pleasant outing occurred last Sabbath afternoon by a party of five of our town people, who rowed over to Lindsey island, opposite the cannery, and spent several hours on the beach and gathering flowers. An elegant lunch was provided, which after a good row and plenty of sea breeze, was greatly relished. The party returned at eight o'clock in the evening, at which time the tide was about full and the sea very choppy. The boat was tossed around like a cork on the water, standing first on the beam and then on the ends. The thanks of the writer and the balance of the party are most cheerfully extended to Mr. Hickey, manager of the Casca company, for the use of a boat that conveyed the party to the island. It is the best row boat in the bay and belongs to that superb river boat, Casca. These outings on the bay are indeed pleasant at this time of the year and scarcely a day passes that does not see some party out for a good time.

THE NEWS TOLD THE TRUTH.

A Former Statement Questioned.—Now Admitted to be True.

A rich strike northeast of Glenora is now an admitted fact and was first published in the News some weeks ago under the heading of "Three Hundred Dollars to the Man." A very few of our friends thought there was no truth in the report, and others denounced the publication as sensational and tending to injure the town. Some of the latter, we are pleased to note, however, are aiding in circulating the good news. We say to our readers that we are publishing the news of the day and have not in the past, or will we in the future, engage in publishing any matter that is not trustworthy and reliable.

Christian Endeavor Meeting.

The semi-annual business meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society was held at the Presbyterian church Monday evening, when the following officers were chosen for the next six months:

President—L. H. Wakefield.
Vice-President—Rev. G. W. Kennedy.
Corresponding Secretary—Dr. Clarence Thwing.

Recording Secretary—Miss Bertha Hunt.

Treasurer—Mrs. L. H. Wakefield.
The members to serve on the committees are to be selected by the above officers in conference.

WILLSON & SYLVESTER, WRANGEL.....

MANUFACTURERS OF

Yellow Cedar, Red Cedar and Spruce Lumber, Flooring, Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.

Shingles, Doors, Windows. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

S. FLESHAM.

D. ROSENBLUM.

S. FLESHAM & CO.

Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruits, Stationery, AND NOTIONS

232 FRONT STREET.

Opposite McKinnon's Wharf.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska

ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

FIRST CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. Patronize a Home Industry.

THE CASSIAR....

In front of McKinnon's Wharf
NO. 215, FRONT STREET.

The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS IN ABUNDANCE.

The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

ONE YEAR - \$3.00
SIX MONTHS - 1.50
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(30 years experience.)

Seward Building, rear of Wakefield & Young
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

ON HAND DAY AND NIGHT.

CASE & WILSON

Have on exhibition in their show window a very handsome and unique center table. It is made from black walnut, taken from the "Ancon," wrecked a number of years ago near Loring, and Alaska yellow cedar. It was made by one of the natives of Sitka and is valued at \$500.00. In the same window is a sealed glass jar filled with beans. For every dollar purchase you make in the store you will be entitled to a guess and the person guessing nearest to the number of beans in the jar will be presented with the table. The jar was filled and sealed in the presence of three of Wrangel's most prominent citizens and on September 1st, 1908, will be opened and the beans counted by the same committee.

The economy of buying at Case & Wilson's is so evident that it will draw you there with the force of a magnet. Their business is steadily increasing, and the reason is simply because they give good, honest values at right prices.

'TIS SAID ON THE QUIET. THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Few Gentle Hints Given to the News Representative that are not Generally Known.

That Walton and Arnold are great favorites in the social circles in Fort Wrangel.

That people can expect some good joke to be made known soon, for Jack Collins has been unusually quiet of late.

That people are wondering when Bolton is going to launch his boat.

That three of our inspectors took lessons in pistol practice from the Spaniards.

That Inspector Hunter has a new way of going down a wharf slip that is speedy and easy, but "wearing" on the seat of one's pantaloons.

That Chappy has turned tonsorial artist and hasn't yet learned the difference between sea foam and bay rum.

That Deputy Marshal Grant will patronize amateur barbers no more.

That the 25,000 club is doing excellent work for the town.

That Wakefield not only is a good merchant, but a news rustler as well.

That Doc Holiday looks, oh! so lonesome—we wonder why.

That Bates and Davis would rather look into a cannon than meet an enraged woman with a hammer.

That Corbeil is a great wharf builder.

That Rosenblum looks happy since good news reached us from Victoria.

Come and Enjoy the Summer.

For the past week the weather has been delightful, sunshine during the day and mild and pleasant at night, and oh, how one can sleep in this far off country. Eastern people have an idea that all Alaska is a cold, dreary country, but at Fort Wrangel it is really the nicest place on the whole earth, so far as climate is concerned. At ten o'clock at night it is as light as day. If one oversleeps in the morning, the time is conveniently made up in the evening. We have lived in several places on this earth, observed the different climates and read much of that we know not of, and we believe for a summer life there is nothing to compare with Wrangel and its surrounding islands.

Luck Failed Us.

A party of surveyors from British Columbia went up the Stikeen river yesterday morning on the McConnell. They were in town on Monday, but our usual good luck failed us, for we were unable to locate them for the purpose of obtaining an interview. From others, we learn that the party will run a preliminary line from Telegraph creek east and that they are in the employ of the Dominion government.

Digging the Gold.

The Nelson-Smith party is working on a gold proposition at Mill Creek lake on the main land, which is about seven miles northeast of here and two miles from salt water. The owners are from East Sound, Washington, and they discovered the property about two months ago. They have sunk a shaft or tunnel about nine feet in depth or length and the assay runs \$4.30 in gold, which is much better than the Treadwell mines. The ore is free milling and the supply seems to be abundant. Mr. Nelson, one of the owners, recently came to town for supplies. The claim is well located for water power and we expect to hear good news from the owners in the near future.

Quietly Working.

P. Deutsch, Oscar Krause, L. Berg, John Steiner and others own a gold quartz claim on the mainland opposite the cannery. They have a force of men at work on the claim and intend to make it a second Treadwell. The ore assays \$6.20 to the ton, is easily accessible and the quantity unlimited. That this property will make its owners rich is certain and we rejoice in their good luck.

Thanks Awfully.

John Fred Graham and Bascom Stephens were out on the bay day before yesterday fishing and they captured nine beauties. One of this number was presented to the wifeless orphans of the News for which a large number of picturesque thanks are returned.

Carbolic Acid for Disinfecting. At Wrangel Drug Co. 25 cents per pint.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished Up for the Special Benefit of Our Readers by News Reporters.

Uncle Sam is after his box rent.

Several "new coons" have come to town.

The gentle rain paid a visit to earth today.

We understand the Mist is to go down sound permanently.

G. H. Edsen is making a reputation as a halibut fisher.

Mosquito dope, a sure preventative. At Wrangel Drug Co.

The steamer Mist took a short spin on the bay last evening.

Steamer McConnell went up the Stikeen yesterday morning.

Headquarters for fireworks at the Hunt Grocery Co., 322 Front Street.

Harry Day has so far recovered that he was down in the bar room last Monday.

Dr. Pillsbury has the gasoline launch Myrtle on the beach at the saw mill for repairs.

The Stikeen Chief is waiting for a tug and upon its arrival will leave for St. Michaels.

Wilson & Sylvester have enclosed two pieces of tide lands near the saw mill for log booms.

J. A. Hunter left Monday on a prospecting trip up the coast. He will return in a few weeks.

The scow Garnet is being loaded with lumber by Wilson & Sylvester for another trip to Juneau.

Rev. A. Stark works hard with his hands day times and preaches every night on Front street.

Rev. Mr. Pickles, a Methodist preacher from Tacoma, held services in the opera house last Sunday.

Charley Jennings, formerly engineer on the Elwood, returned from Vancouver on the Seattle Friday last.

Bro. Sawyer has a collection of rock in front of his place that he guarantees will run sixteen ounces to the pound.

Don't forget to read the change of the ad. of Case & Wilson in this issue. It is something new in Fort Wrangel.

All claims against the Young Men's Christian Association of this city should be presented to Dr. Thwing at once.

Ed Barnes' residence was on fire Saturday and the building was saved by prompt action. A part of the roof was burned.

The Hunt Grocery Co., 322 Front street, is still headquarters for oranges, lemons, fresh vegetables and choice groceries.

The two Captains Gray, Captain Jennings and wife, and O. H. Bernard and wife were a boat party last Sunday to Shoemaker bay.

Steamer Glenora, her tackle, apparel and furniture was libeled last week by Dunsmaur & Sons. The amount claimed by plaintiffs is \$510.00.

J. C. O'Reilly, the stove merchant, stepped on a nail last week and was laid up a few days, but happily escaped lockjaw. He is all right now.

Mrs. Sulley, of the Cottage Bakery, is a mind reader, and there is no doubt of it. She knew the News boys were hungry and sent up a splendid cake.

Capt. Goss, of the steamer Tees, was recently presented with a knife having a corkscrew attachment, by some Salvation lassies, who were passengers.

Mr. F. H. Worlock, the manager for the Canadian Development company at this place, returned from the Sound country with the Tartar last Sunday night.

George Clark went to Ketchikan the first of the week to be gone for some time on a prospecting tour. His party is going down in a two-masted schooner. We hope he will strike it rich.

We regret to say that Mrs. McKinnon has been quite ill for a week past. Mrs. McKinnon has hosts of friends in Fort Wrangel to sympathize with her and hope for a speedy and complete recovery.

Mr. W. J. Gillis made this office a pleasant call and entertained the force with a vivid description of the wonders of the Klondike. Mr. Gillis has been inside and can give the tenderfoot a great many useful pointers.

SOAPY SMITH SHOT & KILLED

From the Skaguay News, extra, we learn that "Soapy" Smith was shot and instantly killed in that city on the evening of the 8th inst. by Frank Reid. Some twenty-five of Smith's gang are under arrest.

The cause which led up to the trouble which ended Smith's life, had its origin in the morning shortly before ten o'clock when J. D. Stewart, a young man just out from Dawson, was robbed of a sack containing from 12 to 15 pounds of gold. There are conflicting stories as to how the robbery was committed, the accepted version being that Stewart desired to sell his gold, and that one Bowers, a well known member of Smith's gang, represented to Stewart that he was here for the purpose of buying gold for some big assaying company below. The unsuspecting stranger accompanied Bowers to a point in the rear of Smith's place on Holly ave., and near the Mondamin hotel, where, it is alleged, two of Bowers' pals were in waiting, when the three men overpowered Stewart, wrested the sack of gold, containing \$2570, from his hands, and disappeared from sight.

Sealed.

The bean jar was sealed this morning in the presence of the editor of the News, and now the guessing will commence. Who will be the lucky one.

Help the Town.

Help the town by sending a few copies of the News to your eastern friends. We wrap them ready for mailing, three for a quarter. Give the manager the names and the cash—we will pay the freight.

Dick Ready took sick last night. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Mr. Case's little child is seriously ill and a physician has been called.

Mr. and Mrs. Haught made us a pleasant call yesterday. Come again.

Louie Berg, the brewer at the Eureka, is the happiest man in town—his wife came to see him yesterday on the Discovery.

A fine line of photographic views of objects of interest for sale by the Wrangel Drug Co. Send one to your eastern friends.

Marshal Grant has purchased the Billy Jones residence. He is finishing the inside work and it will be one of the best homes in the city.

The Fort Wrangel Hotel is completed and painted and undoubtedly is the best in Alaska, and that is why Mr. McIntyre wears such a peaceful look.

Lawyer Weymouth has left the firm of Clark, Ingersoll & Weymouth, and he will leave the city for Honolulu. Clark and Ingersoll will continue in the business.

Mr. M. L. Sherpy, editor of the Skaguay News was in the city today and met the News man. He is a very pleasant gentleman and knows how to get up a good paper.

According to the Aankasas style of promotion, the senior member of the News force, since putting a chimney on his house, is entitled to the rank of colonel in any local military organization.

John S. Duncan, who was here last winter and went to Telegraph Creek in the spring, returned this week. He brought down with him five hundred dollars in gold nuggets. John is going to Juneau for a few weeks and will then return to this city. John has many friends here who will be glad to have him return to stay.

The Casca, one of the best, if not the very best river boat that docks in this city is receiving some attention from her artist manager and engineer. This boat is handsomely built and traveling on her is a luxury.

If some of the rich sporting young men of the East would make a trip to Fort Wrangel and catch some halibut, salmon and trout, with an occasional skate and shark thrown in, and hunt deer, goats and bear on the surrounding islands, they would find out what fun really is.

We regret to learn that the visit of Mrs. Dr. Thwing to Seattle was cut short owing to the prevalence of the diphtheria and scarlet fever in that city. She had intended to remain down Sound for three or four months. The Doctor is no doubt well satisfied with the arrangement.

A. Berens, Charles Spethman and John Schuler were over to the quartz mine north of the cannery last Monday, and while there did some trout fishing. They brought back a fine string of speckled beauties, one of which weighed two pounds. The boys know how to get trout sure enough.

Last Sunday Mr. A. E. Stanfield and a friend started for Rambo island on a sloop, leaving a note at the residence of Mr. Harry Pidgeon. Mr. Stanfield's partner, stating that they would return that evening. Up to the time of going to press they had not returned, and early this morning Mr. Pidgeon started out in search of them, fearing that an accident might have befallen them.

The Discovery, Grant Captain, came proudly steaming into port yesterday about dinner time and landed freight and passengers at Troup's wharf. By the way the Discovery has a purser, M. G. Guy, who is deserving of mention. If you want to see a real good fellow, a splen did officer, in fact one of the most pleasant, affable gentlemen that ever walked a gang plank, go and see Guy when the boat returns.

FORT WRANGEL ALASKA

A Growing Young City, Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikeen river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

Address

G. W. KENNEDY,
Sec'y Twenty-Five Thousand Club,
Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

ONLY AMERICAN SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA

as a resident the only American survivor of the 600, whose charge at Balaklava Tennyson immortalized in verse. The name of this survivor of the Light Brigade is Jeremiah Ryan. He enlisted at Limerick, Ireland, in the Fourth Light Dragoons and went with his regiment to the Crimea, where England and France were supporting Turkey against Russia.

In speaking of the battle of Balaklava, fought Oct. 25, 1854, Mr. Ryan says: "The battle of Balaklava was brought on by the Russians on Oct. 25, when they tried to drive us from the heights we occupied. It was a good, hot fight, and the cavalry did most of the fighting on our side, and as I was in the cavalry I got my share. I remember the charges of the Light Brigade best, although it did not seem much at the time. The Light Brigade consisted of 607 men. They were picked from the various regiments, all young and energetic men and good fighters."

"In his poem Tennyson, with the license of a poet, makes it appear that we all knew we were going to certain death. As a matter of fact, we knew nothing of the kind. We did not have the slightest idea what we were going to do. We merely obeyed orders and had no thought that we were about to charge the whole of the Russian army. There had been a heavy fall of dense, damp snow, and the ground was hard. Under Capt. Nolan we charged in two lines at quick pace. We did not know where we were going, and the enemy, being behind a bluff, were not in sight. We had not gone more than 1,200 yards before the whole line of the Russians opened a flood of smoke and flame upon us from the mouths of thirty cannon. Then we could not have fallen back if we wanted to. Men and horses fell under the fire. One-third of us fell to the front, dead or dying. Another third of the men were wounded. The horses, well trained, huddled together and carried us onward toward the Russians. Another battery opened fire upon us, and to the oblique fire of the cannon was joined a volley of musketry from the Russian infantry."

"With sabers drawn we kept on toward the Russian guns. We could not fight much, for we were huddled close together in a solid mass for our protection. The men in the middle of the ranks dared not draw their sabers, for they could not tell friend from foe. Those on the outside fought and cut down the Russians in our way. Then the order was given to return, and we retreated as best we could. Some of the horses broke with their riders and carried them back to our lines. Slowly we fought our way back surrounded by Russian infantry and soldiers."

"But while we were fighting to regain our own lines the Russian gunners returned to their guns, and, angry that we had only just ridden over them, and thinking of nothing but revenge, they fired at the mass of fighting soldiers, and this time they killed more Russians than Englishmen in front of the



JEREMIAH RYAN.

guns. Meanwhile the Eighth Hussars and the heavy brigade came to our rescue and helped us cover our retreat.

"A wretched lot we were when we returned. They made heroes of the survivors, but the dead and dying were left where they fell. There were 607 of us when we followed Capt. Nolan in the charge. Of these 198 came back, and some of these received wounds from which they died shortly afterward. I myself received two cuts in the hand and another just above the end of my sock. But these were light wounds, and I escaped much better than most of the men. There were not more than a dozen men who came through that charge unscathed."

Ryan fought until the armistice of September, 1856, when he returned to England. He then came to this country, and after eighteen years' residence in New York went to Chicago.

LOCKED IN A SULPHUR ROOM.

Imprisoned for Four Hours a Man Dies of His Injuries.

Edgar Allen Poe's description of the sufferings of a person under the effects of slow suffocation has been verified to some extent by an incident which has just been inquired into at the Leeds City coroner's court. A blanket stover, named Pickard, employed by a local firm of manufacturers, had himself locked into a sulphur room, and lighted the stoves in the belief that he could leave by another door, which was usually open.

No sooner had he done so than he remembered that this door had been locked on the outside earlier in the day by his own order. The man who had shut him in was deaf, and had gone away disregarding his knocks and cries; and he was thereupon overcome by panic. He could easily have extinguished the sulphur stoves, and might have remained in the room without danger till relieved, but such was the state of his mind that instead of doing so he still spent his time in endeavoring to attract attention.

The sulphur fumes soon filled the place, but even then it did not occur to him that he could put out the stoves by means of one of the blankets in the room. He next tried to reach an aperture above the door by means of a rope and a plank, but it was only a small one, about four inches or six inches in width, and was covered on the outside by a strip of wood.

Then he became quite exhausted, and fell against one of the doors, which had resisted his utmost strength. There was air enough coming in beneath the sill to keep him alive and conscious; and in that plight, expecting death and clinging to life, he lay for four hours. In the end his whereabouts was discovered by his son and a watchman.

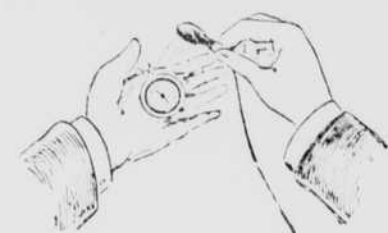
Pickard could see the flicker of the watchman's lamp under the door, and knocking with the little strength remaining to him, was released. He died, however, eleven days later as the result of sulphur poisoning.

It is related that after being released from his terrible imprisonment he remembered he had not lighted the stoves in the other bleaching houses, and actually went into each of them and completed his day's work.—London Mail.

TELLING TIME IN THE DARK.

Small Electric Light Which Is Carried on the Watch Chain.

The electric scarf-pin, which many up-to-date young men have been wearing, now has a rival. A design similar to the pin is now hung on the watch-chain. It is charged in the same man-



THE ELECTRIC WATCH CHAIN.

ner. It can be taken off at will, the wire being intact, and enables one to tell the time no matter how dark the surroundings. When not in use it hangs on the chain. Being incased in a gold or silver reflector, it looks quite presentable.

Took Two Telephones.

"We used to have the best fellow in our employ that I ever knew," declared the head of one of the biggest telephone exchanges in the country. In fact, he was too good for us to be able to keep him, and now he's a promoter making barrels of money. He could place more telephones than any other half dozen men in our employ, and I'll give you just one sample of his shrewdness.

"There was a wealthy old Frenchman with large interests that we wanted as a patron. After all the rest of our solicitors had called upon him we sent our best man. He learned that the Frenchman thought the telephone a great invention and a great money saver, but he could not be made to understand that they were adapted to any other language than English. He had to converse in French with many of his business friends and employees."

"All the others had tried to convert him, but 'Oily Slick,' as we had dubbed him, took the other tack and humored the old gentleman. He at once assured him that we had French receivers and transmitters, and immediately put up a temporary line to show that he was not misrepresenting goods. When French was sent and received over the wire, the result delighted the man of wealth, and 'Oily' actually sold two sets of telephones for a dozen places where they could be made useful in the old man's business, charging \$5 apiece more for the French than for the English. It was six months before he discovered that he had a superfluous lot of telephones on hand. Then he laughed as heartily as any one and tried to hire 'Oily' to go on the road."—Detroit Free Press.

Seal of the Treasury.

The seal of the Treasury Department, which has been in use for thirty-six years in the division of loans and currency, begins to show signs of serious wear, and it will be replaced by a new one.

MAXIMILIAN'S REIGN.

The Closing Days of the Ill-fated Mexican Empire.

Mrs. Sara Y. Stevenson is contributing to the Century a series of papers on the French intervention in Mexico. In a late number of the magazine Mrs. Stevenson writes of "Mexican Society in Maximilian's Time, 1866." She says of the last days of the empire:

The pomp and dignity of the court had vanished, and social life in the capital no longer centered about the imperial palace. Even previous to the departure of the Empress, the Monday receptions had been discontinued, without their loss being seriously felt. At best they had never been other than dull, formal affairs. The ball-room was a large hall, always insufficiently lighted, and narrowed in the middle by the platform where stood the imperial throne under a canopy of velvet. Here, after their new guests had been officially presented in an adjoining hall, the Emperor and Empress seated themselves. Before supper they made a solemn tour of the ball-room. The dancing then ceased, and the crowd stood in chilled expectancy, and made way for them, each in turn receiving, as they passed, a smile, a nod, or some commonplace word of greeting.

Maximilian was happy in his remarks on such occasions. Naturally affable and kindly, like most princes trained to this sort of thing, his memory for names and faces was remarkable. We were presented at court on the first of the imperial fortnightly Mondays, and with us, of course, the larger number of guests present; and yet, some weeks later, when making his tour of the ball-room, the Emperor stopped before us, and inquired about an absent member of the family, apparently placing us exactly. Many other instances of his memory and power of observation in such small matters were related by others.

He was tall, slight and handsome, although the whole expression of his face revealed weakness and indecision. He looked, and was, a gentleman. His dignity was without hauteur. His manner was attractive; he had the faculty of making you feel at ease; and he possessed far more personal magnetism than did the Empress.

Here was a strong, intelligent face, the lines of which were somewhat hard at times; and her determined expression impressed one with the feeling that she was the better equipped of the two intelligently to cope with the difficulties of practical life. It is probable that, had she been alone, she might have made a better attempt at solving the problems than did Maximilian; at least such was Marshal Bazaine's opinion, as expressed before me on one occasion, during her brief regency, when she had shown special firmness and clear judgment in dealing with certain complicated state affairs.

She, however, was reserved, somewhat lacking in tact and adaptability; and a certain haughtiness of manner, a dignity too conscious of itself, at first repelled many who were disposed to feel kindly towards her. It is more than likely that under this proud mien she concealed a suffering spirit, or, at least, the consciousness of a superiority that must efface itself. Who will ever know the travail of her proud heart and the prolonged strain under which her mind finally succumbed? For notwithstanding the prudence and decided ability with which she had conducted the difficult affairs of the realm during the Emperor's absence in 1864, it was hinted that on his return she was allowed little say in public affairs, and that her advice when given was seldom followed. After her departure even the semblance of a court disappeared.

Snub Not at All.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of his dullness in lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub anyone; not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—Great Thoughts.

Matters of Money.

Titles are now merely a matter of money—that is, on the continent. Some of the minor orders can be obtained for \$500. The Austrian order of the Iron Crown is just a little expensive. It costs \$15,000. But you can be a baron or a count in some of the minor German states for \$5,000. One hundred dollars will secure the title of court dentist, which is almost as cheap as the title of colonel in America.

No one treats the worries of others in an intelligent manner.

BORN A SLAVE.

He Won His Way to a Commanding Position in American Life.

The career of Blanche K. Bruce, who died recently in Washington, was one of the most remarkable in our history. Although he was born and lived to the age of 20 years a slave, he died in his second term as register of the Treasury, after having served a full term as United States Senator, and he honestly acquired a comfortable fortune and a strong influence in the politics and policies of the country.

Bruce, who was born a slave in Virginia, in 1841, removed with his master to Missouri a little before the war and in 1861 joined the Union forces. After the war he located in Mississippi, where he prospered and where, in 1874, he was elected to the United States Senate.

In this connection a good story is told. It was announced that the Senator would go to Washington from his Mississippi home by one of the Mississippi steamboats, at least as far as St. Louis, on his way. The captain, a man by the name of Lathers, was a typical Mississippi steamboat captain, and he



BLANCHE K. BRUCE.

was reported to have said that he would show the black Senator when he got aboard of the boat that he would have to keep his place on that boat, and if he put on any airs because he happened to be a Senator the captain would teach him his manners.

As soon as Bruce boarded the steamboat he sought the captain and he said to him, "Captain Lathers, I am going to Washington, and a part of the way as passenger on your steamboat. My name is Bruce and possibly you may have heard of me. What I wanted to say is that I know perfectly well what the feeling of many people who are travelers regarding persons of my color is. They cannot help it, and I cannot help it, and I am going to give them no occasion for any annoyance while I am a passenger on your boat. I simply ask that you see to it that I am made as comfortable as possible, and I assure you that you will have no reason for complaint."

The bluff captain stepped back a pace or two, looked Bruce over, and then held out his hand and said, with great emphasis, "By —, you shall sit at my table; you shall sit on my right hand on the entire trip, and if any man objects he will have to fight me." And on that entire trip of some three days the captain made Bruce his guest.

One of the impressive sights of Washington during the incumbency of Senator Bruce was to see him and his colleague, the aristocratic Lamar, walking daily together up the avenue to the Capitol. Lamar, the scholar, the orator, the fine type of Southern chivalry and cultivation, had the highest respect for Bruce and preferred his companionship in the daily walks to and from the Capitol to that of any other Senator.

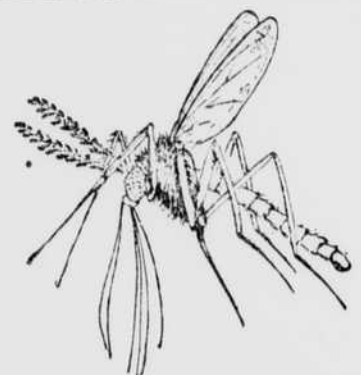
After his retirement from the Senate, in 1881, Bruce was appointed register of the Treasury by President Garfield, and six months before his death President McKinley reappointed him to the same office.

PLAGUE OF THE KLONDIKE.

Monster Mosquitoes Which Torture Men and Even Bears to Death.

The Yukon mosquito is the most brutal and bloodthirsty of its tribe—it kills man and beast, even the ferocious grizzly bear falling a victim to its bites.

Prof. William Beutenmuller, of the



THE YUKON MOSQUITO.

(Slightly reduced from an official photograph.) Museum of Natural History, has investigated the mosquito and recognizes some thirty kinds in North America, of which the variety found along the Yukon is the most pestiferous. These swarms in long columns resembling the smoke rising from a campfire. One can hear their buzzing a hundred feet away. It is not sweet music. The

sound is run-n-n-n, run-n-n-n, run-n-n-n, and that is just what the prospector does the second time he hears it—if there is any second time.

The first concert is his last sometimes, for a nervous temperament cannot endure an attack of the pests, and though a miner should not have nerves, some miners do have them and find them sadly in the way in time of trouble. The mosquito pesters such a man until he sinks from exhaustion, never to rise again.

The Yukon mosquitoes drive the moose, deer and caribou up the mountains to the snow line, where these animals would prefer not to be in berry time. They kill dogs, and even the big brown bear, that is often misnamed a grizzly, has succumbed to them.

Although the Alaska summer is short, two broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year, and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they leave the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover, but after the rain they are worse than ever.

Dr. Armond Raoul, late bacteriologist of the St. Louis Board of Health, claims to have discovered a virus that is death to mosquitoes. He is going to Alaska to start a plague among the pests by inoculating some choice specimens of them and turning them loose to spread the fatal disease, which, he declares, is highly contagious to all diptera.

NEWS FOR ASTRONOMERS.

An Instrument Which Will Bring the Moon Within Pistol-Shot.

Herr Johann Mayer, royal and imperial first lieutenant in the 63d regiment of Austro-Hungarian infantry, claims that he has invented an instrument which will bring the stars within a few hundred yards of the earth and the moon within pistol-shot.

Briefly summed up, Herr Mayer's telescope consists of a huge parabolic mirror in whose focus he suspends a small convex parabolic mirror which throws the rays received by the large mirror upon the lens of the microscope connected with the apparatus. This combination of the large and small mirror is shown in the drawing. The original feature which Herr Mayer claims for his apparatus is, of course, the use of the enormous parabolic mir-



THE MIRROR DOES IT.

ror and the small convex one, as well as his ability to dispense entirely with the usual telescope tube.—New York Herald.

A Joke on a Phrenologist.

The jokes that practical jokers play upon wise men are sometimes as funny as they are elaborate. A case in point is said to have occurred some years ago in England when a humor-loving individual who rejoiced in the possession of a fine vegetable garden found therein one evening a large turnip. It so happened that this particular turnip was marvelously like in its shape to a man's head, and bore a very decided resemblance, too, to the features of a man. The joker, perceiving a fine chance to make a point, and struck by the curious resemblance of the turnip, had a cast made of it, and sent the cast to a phrenologist, requesting him to examine its bumps and to make a report.

After sitting in judgment upon the cast for some time, the phrenologist, so the story goes, reported that while he could not judge accurately from the cast, it was his opinion that it was the head of a person of acute mind and deep research; that he had the organ of quick perception and also of perseverance well developed, and that there were signs that he was also a person of extreme credulity. This opinion was sent by mail, and the phrenologist expressed, in closing, the hope that at some time he might have the privilege of examining the head itself.

The reply was sent that the owner would gladly comply with this request, but that unfortunately he could not do so, since the original had been eaten by himself and his family several weeks before with their mutton at dinner.

What the phrenologist thought of the reply is not stated.—Harper's Round Table.

Great Chinese Bridge.

Spanning an inlet of the Yellow Sea near Sangang, China, is a bridge five and a quarter miles long, with 300 piers of masonry, and having its roadway sixty-four feet above the water. This work is said to have been accomplished by Chinese engineers 800 years ago.

Dr. Johnson's Walking Stick.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's walking stick is exhibited in a book store in Cincinnati, and is the property of John Thorndick, of that city.

HOW TO ENLIST IN THE ARMY.

Not One in Ten Can Come Up to Uncle Sam's Requirements.

Many are called, or think they are called, to serve Uncle Sam in the regular army, but few are chosen. The swarming tough stands on the walk outside of the city recruiting office, and says, with a leer, "I guess dey'll take all dey kin git." Then he goes up stairs, and finds that 95 out of 100 are rejected, including himself. The army varies from the navy in the fact that there is no ban to promotion from the ranks to the highest grade. General Nelson A. Miles, at the head of the United States army, is not a graduate of West Point, and there are many instances of private soldiers and even "outsiders" becoming commissioned officers.

The appointments to the war school of instruction at West Point, on the Hudson River, fifty miles above New York City, are made by Congressmen, each representative having the right to detail an eligible youth, between the ages of 18 and 21, from his district when it is not represented at the Military Academy. The President also has been given the authority to appoint ten, "at large," and usually grants the favor to the son of a former or present officer of either branch of the military (which includes navy and army) service.

Entrance examinations and annual reviews of book knowledge are the same as at the naval academy, and during the summer the cadets go into camp near West Point. The fact is that, aside from drills in seamanship, howitzer and boat practice, the course of instruction at both the academies, West Point and Annapolis, is very similar. For the naval cadets are exercised in infantry tactics, fencing and broadsword exercises, and on their daily evening parade present fully as imposing a presence and exactitude of martial stride as the military pupils.

The special difference between the two schools is in the age and pay of the students. The West Pointers, as indicated in the age requirement for ad-



A RECRUITING OFFICER.

mission, are older men, and, while their annual stipend during the scholastic term of four years is about the same as that given at Annapolis, upon graduation they become second lieutenants, and receive a larger salary than that allotted to those completing the course at the naval academy.

Promotion with them to the grades of first lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel, colonel and brigadier general is fully as slow as it is in the naval service, but their compensation is always comparatively larger. For this one reason the army might be considered the more favorite branch of military service, yet there has never been any popular or privately determined feeling that it was so.

To those that wish to enlist as privates there are recruiting stations to be found in every large city of the United States, and the applicant may select either the cavalry, infantry or artillery. The applicant must necessarily fill the special requirements of age, stature and chest measure and be in good bodily condition. If so, he is very liable to be immediately enrolled and receive clothes, shelter, board, medicine, surgical at-



THE RECRUITING OFFICE.

tendance when necessary and the exorbitant cash sum of \$13 a month. But, then, the entire allotment is worth \$45 or \$50 a month, and there are some men who can't earn this sum.

The promotion of the private soldier may be very rapid in time of war. If he is an educated man and of any especial ability, he may be wearing a colonel's epaulets before he returns

from the fields of battle. In the piping times of peace his advancement is to that of corporal and sergeant, technically termed noncommissioned officers, and then if he has influence or his own individuality dominates he may be allowed to attempt the examination for a first lieutenant. If he succeeds in passing both the physical and mental demands, he is then a commissioned officer in the United States army, and his career is as free before him as if he had all the training and glories of a West Point course.

The signal corps of the army is also an excellent branch of the service, but the complement is limited, and admissions generally are rare. The men in it form a sort of independent corps and of a class relatively between a private and a minor commissioned officer.

If you desire to enlist, you must be between 21 and 30 years of age, of good character and habits, able-bodied, not less than 5 feet 4 inches in height and weigh between 128 and 190 pounds. If your height is above 5 feet 10 inches



MAGNET THAT DOES THE BUSINESS.

and your weight more than 165 pounds, you may join the artillery or infantry, but not the cavalry.

ANECDOTES OF STANTON.

How the Great War Secretary Helped an Injured Man in Pittsburgh.

The school children of Steubenville, O., have contributed the money for a memorial tablet to be placed on the house where the great war secretary was born, says the Boston Evening Transcript. One of the Steubenville people who knew him in his early manhood tells of an incident that occurred while he was practicing law in Pittsburgh. His mother lived in Steubenville. Stanton was accustomed to return home frequently by boat on the Ohio. One evening when he came on board he saw a poor fellow lying on the forward deck. He investigated, and learned that the poor fellow had fallen through a hatchway and broken his leg.

The fracture remained unset and unhealed for. The young lawyer went to the captain and asked what the neglect meant. The captain replied that the man lived in Pittsburgh, and could be attended to when he got home. Making no comment on the inhumanity, Stanton went to the boat carpenter's chest and borrowed a saw and ax. He took a stick of wood, cut such a length as he wanted, then he whittled out a set of splints. Then he went to his stateroom, took a sheet from the bed, and tore it into bandages. He ordered three or four of the crew to assist.

The fracture was reduced, the splints and bandages were applied. Stanton went to the cookroom and ordered prepared a jug of vinegar and water with which to steep the swollen parts. During the ninety miles of the trip from Steubenville he sat by the injured man applying the bath. When the boat reached Pittsburgh he hired a hack and took his patient to his home.

The Interior of Patagonia.

Professor J. R. Hatcher, of Princeton University, has newly returned from a remarkable trip of exploration in a hitherto unknown region of South Africa—namely, the wild interior of Patagonia. He visited Washington a few days ago for the purpose of depositing with the Bureau of Ethnology a rich collection of objects illustrating the mode of life of the various tribes of aborigines in that part of the world. These natives are among the strangest and most picturesque savages in existence, some of them being described as representing almost the lowest stage in the scale of human development. Their country, too, is more than ordinarily interesting, being associated since the earliest times with rumors of gigantic human inhabitants and an astonishing fauna. Quite recently some skeletons of birds that had heads as big as those of horses have actually been dug up. They stood at least nine feet high, and had short wings, claws like an eagle's and a beak like a condor's. It is likely that they attacked with success the largest mammals contemporary with them, being the biggest fowls of prey that ever lived; but they became extinct long ago, and so there was no opportunity for Professor Hatcher to secure a living specimen.

Mr. Hunter—I have a speaking acquaintance with Miss Throckmorton. Mr. Spatts—You are very lucky. All her other acquaintances are listening acquaintances.—Judge.

A woman has no cause to hold her head above her neighbors, unless she calls her dressmaker a modiste.

The more people talk back the better the auctioneer likes it.

BORE AN ILLUSTRIOUS SON.

Della Stewart Parnell, Mother of Ireland's Great Leader.

The death of Mrs. Della Stewart Parnell, mother of the great Irish home rule leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, which occurred at her home in Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, not long ago, removed a woman who became famous in this country through her illustrious son and also through her labor for the Irish cause in the United States. The circumstances surrounding the death of Mrs. Parnell were of a sad nature. She was sitting by the fire in her home when her clothing became ignited. Her injuries were so severe that she failed to recover from the shock.

Della Stewart Parnell was born in Philadelphia in 1816. She came of distinguished ancestry, her father being Admiral Stewart, who commanded the frigates Constellation and Constitution during the war of 1812. Her mother was a Miss Tudor of Boston. In 1835 she was married to John Henry Parnell, who was traveling in this country with her cousin, Lord Powerscourt. They went abroad to live on the ancestral estate of the Parnell family in County Wicklow, Ireland. It was here that her son Charles Stewart, who was destined to become the leading figure in Irish history of his day, was born in



MRS. DELLA STEWART PARNELL.

1846. In 1860, when she became joint owner with her brother Charles of her father's property, she returned to America and settled at Ironsides, the family estate at Bordentown, N. J. Her brother died eight years later and she became sole owner of the estate. She was accounted a wealthy woman but unfortunate stock speculations swept away her fortune. She was granted \$50 a month by the government in recognition of her father's services. At one time she was said to be in actual want, but friends in this country came to her assistance.

Mrs. Parnell was assaulted and robbed by an unidentified man as she was entering her home at Bordentown one night in April, 1895, and she never completely recovered from the blow she received on the head. She leased Ironsides in the latter part of that year and removed to New York. After living there for a time she went abroad, where she remained until her death. Mrs. Parnell was a woman of superior education and during her younger days was conversant with five languages.

Ethnology of Kissing.

The kiss was unknown among the aboriginal tribes of America and of Central Africa. From the most ancient times, however, it has been familiar to the Asiatic and European races. The Latins divided it into three forms—the osculum, the basium and the suaviolum—the first being the kiss of friendship and respect, the second of ceremony and the third of love. The Semites always employed the kiss, and Job speaks of it as part of their sacred rites, as it is to-day in the Roman Catholic Church.

The Mongolian kiss is not the same as that which prevails with us. In it the lips do not come into actual contact with those of the person kissed. The nose is brought into light contact with the cheek, forehead or hand; the breath is drawn slowly through the nostrils, and the act ends with a slight smack of the lips. The Chinese consider our mode of kissing most detestable. We on our part regard their method with equal disdain.

Darwin and other naturalists have attempted to trace back the kiss to the act of the lower animals who seize their prey with their teeth. The average man does not take a great deal of interest in the ethnology of the subject, however.—London Mail.

Marble in Australia.

Fine marbles of various colors have been found in several districts of New South Wales. A pure white is equal to the second-class Carrara; another species is black, with white streaks and gold markings. There are grays and browns of various tints and in the vicinity of Lucknow are immense deposits of green serpentine well worthy of attention.

Wonderful Loom.

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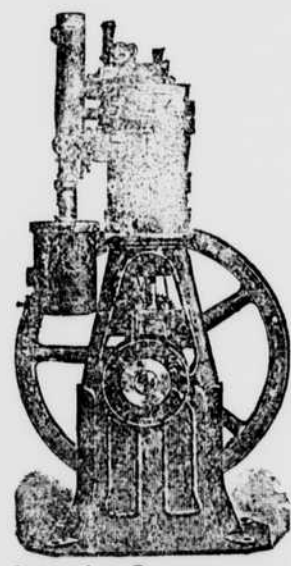
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THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished
Up for the Special Benefit of Our
Readers by News Reporters.

Last Friday was the warmest day of the year.

J. F. Milner and party are off on a short prospecting trip.

G. A. Scott left this week on the schooner Baltic for Loring.

J. F. Bakeman left for San Francisco on the steamer City of Topeka last Friday.

Collector Arment went to Sitka last week on business connected with the office.

The Elder, from the north, tied up at McKinnon's wharf last Saturday forenoon.

Mr. Pillsbury, the artist-photographer, returned Saturday from Juneau on the Elder.

E. V. Webster has gone fishing on the Skeena river, and will return next September.

A rock bass, a rare fish in these waters, was caught off the Davidge wharf last Thursday.

S. Conradi has launched his new steam launch Margaret, and will go prospecting soon.

Salmon and huckleberries are ripe, and everybody is enjoying old-fashioned huckleberry pie.

Miss Lulu Keefe has opened a dress-making parlor next to the opera house, and is doing first-class work.

Mrs. Minnie Starr wrote to a friend here that she had arrived at Dyea, and would push right onto Dawson.

Deputy Collector Frank H. Richards from the boundary line on the Stikine was in the city a few days last week.

Captain Rathbone, Port captain of the C. P. R. river steamers, has gone to Vancouver and will return in a few days.

Steamer Tonquin, Capt. captain, steamed into port last Friday night and shortly thereafter pulled out again.

Jack M. Wilcox has been heard from at Skagway, trying to hypnotize D. O'Donovan Rossa into a pass to Lake Bennett.

Schooner Baltic, Jack Sloan captain, left this week for Loring, where she will be engaged in the fishing trade for the season.

Dr. Clarence Thwing, accompanied by Mrs. Thwing and children, returned to this city on the City of Seattle last Friday night.

J. S. Rollin, a saloon keeper from Telegraph creek, took in our town last Thursday night, and the next morning he was \$100 short.

The Topeka came in from the north Saturday morning and pulled out before we had our breakfast. It wasn't a very nice thing to do.

Mrs. O. H. Bernard is a recent arrival from Portland, Oregon, and will superintend the millinery department in the store of Bernard & Batchelor.

Frank Callbreath has the contract to pack the freight for the Canadian soldiers from Glenora to Teslin, a distance of about 150 miles, for 25 cents per pound.

Wm. A. Raymond has opened a bowling alley in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and nightly jolly throngs can be seen producing mimic thunder as ten strikes are made.

Sunday was a beautiful day, with just enough breeze stirring to render sailing a veritable pastime, and a great many availed themselves of the opportunity for enjoyment.

The Twenty-Five Thousand club will meet this Wednesday evening in the court house. All who are interested in the prosperity of Fort Wrangel are cordially invited.

Doe Holiday received the sad news of the death of his grandfather at Decatur, Illinois. This was the first death on the paternal side for fifty years in the Holiday family.

J. F. Hamilton returned from Loring on the Cottage City last Friday a sick man. He left here a few weeks ago to remain all summer as engineer of one of the cannery boats.

W. A. Peek, formerly a clerk in Reid & Sylvester's, is now in Yaquina, Lincoln county, Oregon. We regret his departure from this city. The News follows him to his former home.

Patrick Loftus and family left last Friday to spend the summer at Trout Lake, eight miles south of Fort Wrangel, where they calculate to put up three tons of salmon for the Dawson trade.

John Fry, Fred Amundson and several others went last Friday to Kah-sitan, the old Indian village, eighteen miles south of Wrangel, to fish for the summer. They will salt 300 barrels of salmon.

A. E. Stanfield and Harry Pidgeon were fishing in the vicinity of the cannery Saturday afternoon and succeeded in catching a very fine halibut. Mr. Stanfield did the correct thing by the News force by presenting them a nice juicy steak. May his tribe increase and prosper.

If Uncle Sam thinks Alaskans are not patriotic, he ought to have been here on the Fourth.

Owing to the friendly relations existing between England and America, the old style of Fourth of July speech has been abandoned.

A picture of Manila bay shows that the German war vessels are a good safe distance from Dewey's guns. The commander of the German boats was told to keep out of range—he's doing it.

The honor of Spain was gloriously vindicated in the flight of her troops before the American army of invasion at Santiago last week.

Another "sad but glorious" defeat awaits Spain. She has sent a fleet to Manila. With the reinforcements that will soon reach Dewey, it seems incredible that the Spaniards will fool around the business end of the American guns.

The Fourth of July committee report the sum of \$67.60 collected, of which \$50.05 was expended, leaving a surplus of \$17.55, which it is proposed to donate to the library of the union Sunday school.

Summons by Publication.

In the United States Commissioner's Court in and for the District of Alaska, Kenneth M. Jackson, Commissioner.

Lee H. Wakefield and Loyal Young, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Wakefield & Young, Plaintiffs.

vs.

W. H. Porter and A. J. Barrett, partners doing business under the firm name and style of The W. H. Porter Co., Defendants.

The people of the United States of America to W. H. Porter and A. J. Barrett, partners under the firm name of The W. H. Porter Co., Defendants.

You and each of you are hereby notified that you have been sued in the above entitled court and must answer the complaint filed therein on or before the 16th day of August, 1898, or judgment will be rendered against you as is in the complaint demanded.

You are further notified that a writ of attachment has been issued in said cause on the 5th day of July, 1898, under which personal property belonging to you has been attached.

The said plaintiffs have commenced the said action to recover from said defendants the sum of \$76.56 upon an account for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered by plaintiffs to defendants at their instance and request, together with the costs and disbursements of said action; that an order was entered in the above entitled action ordering service upon you of this summons by publication on the 6th day of July A. D. 1898.

Witness my hand and official seal at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, this 6th day of July, 1898.

SEAL. U. S. Commissioner for District of Alaska, holding court at Fort Wrangel in said district.

C. O. Bates, attorney for Plaintiffs; P. O. address Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

Date of first publication July 6, 1898.

Summons by Publication.

In the United States Commissioner's Court in and for the District of Alaska, Kenneth M. Jackson, Commissioner.

Robert Reid and Rufus Sylvester, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Reid & Sylvester, Plaintiffs.

vs.

W. H. Porter and A. J. Barrett, partners doing business under the firm name and style of The W. H. Porter Co., Defendants.

The people of the United States of America to W. H. Porter and A. J. Barrett, partners under the firm name of The W. H. Porter Co., Defendants.

You and each of you are hereby notified that you have been sued in the above entitled court and must answer the complaint filed therein on or before the 16th day of August, 1898, or judgment will be rendered against you as is in the complaint demanded.

You are further notified that a writ of attachment has been issued in said cause on the 5th day of July, 1898, under which personal property belonging to you has been attached.

The said plaintiffs have commenced the said action to recover from said defendants the sum of \$28.55 upon an account for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered by plaintiffs to defendants at their instance and request, together with the costs and disbursements of said action; that an order was entered in the above entitled action ordering service upon you of this summons by publication on the 6th day of July A. D. 1898.

Witness my hand and official seal at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, this 6th day of July, 1898.

SEAL. U. S. Commissioner for District of Alaska, holding court at Fort Wrangel in said district.

C. O. Bates, attorney for Plaintiffs; P. O. address Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

Date of first publication July 6th, 1898.

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AND ALL POINTS EAST
AND SOUTH

TIME SCHEDULE.

In Effect February 13th, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE SEATTLE.
For Spokane, Roseland, St. Paul
and the East 5:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
For Portland 5:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
For Olympia 5:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
For Aberdeen 5:00, 7:30 and 11:00 a. m.; 4:00 and 7:00 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.
From Spokane, Roseland, St.
Paul and the East 7:00 a. m.
From Portland 6:20 and 11:00 p. m.
From Olympia 6:20 p. m.
From Aberdeen 6:20 p. m.
From Tacoma 7:00 and 8:00 a. m.; 12:15, 6:20 and 11:30 p. m.

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All kind of work made to order.

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Careful attention
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THE

Fort Wrangel News

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THE CHOICEST GROCERIES
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